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-WHAT THE GAULS GET UP TO

LA CONFIDENTIAL-

Digging up Dirt in Hollywood



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KNAVE

Ross Gillilan
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
David Spenser
EDITOR
Richard Cabut
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Ian Bresolin
ART EDITOR
Al Buck
DEPUTY ART EDITOR
Graham Page
GRAPHIC ARTIST

James Freeman
STUDIO MANAGER
Tracey Nicholls
MAKE-UP ARTIST

Rex Bourne
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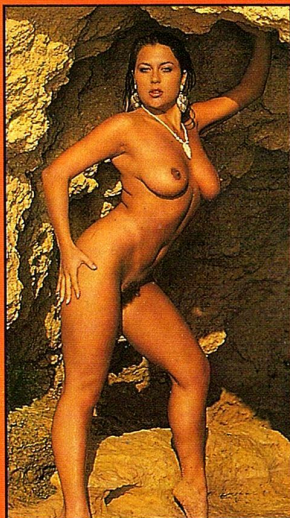


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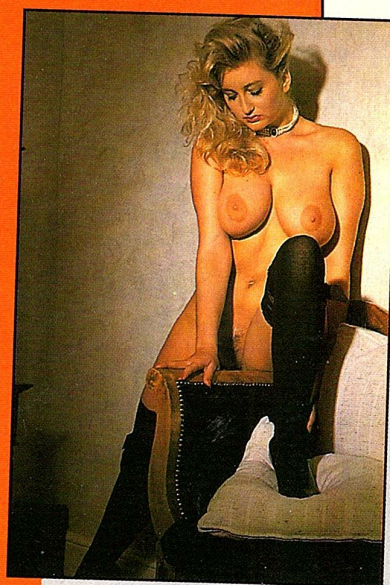
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Peter Flodquist

"Hi," he was saying, "I'm Greg and I know you're Ellen. Nice to meet you... Ellen." And my hand was lost in his. Even his voice was sexy, and I loved the way he was looking down my cleavage at my tits. My hand was still in his. "And nice to meet you, Greg. Very nice," I added as he squeezed my hand tighter. I took a deep breath, he was getting to me already. I ran my tongue round my lips, "I don't suppose you want to meet my husband, do you Greg?" He smiled, "No Ellen," and he was shaking his head, "I'm only interested in his beautiful wife, can I get you a drink Ellen?" I laughed, "You charmer. I'm going to have to watch you, young man. "O.K., Greg I don't want a drink, but I'd love a dance." A smoochy number was being played, the lights were dimmed, the floor was full and everyone was minding their own business.

Greg took my hand once more, led me to the top end of the small floor where the light was even darker and I was in his arms. I seemed to be in a dream, floating on a

Martine



Firefighters were called to Oak Hill Funeral Home in San Jose, California, when the cremation of a 21-stone man got out of hand causing \$20,000-worth of damage. Firemen blamed the blaze on: "the build-up of fats from the body".

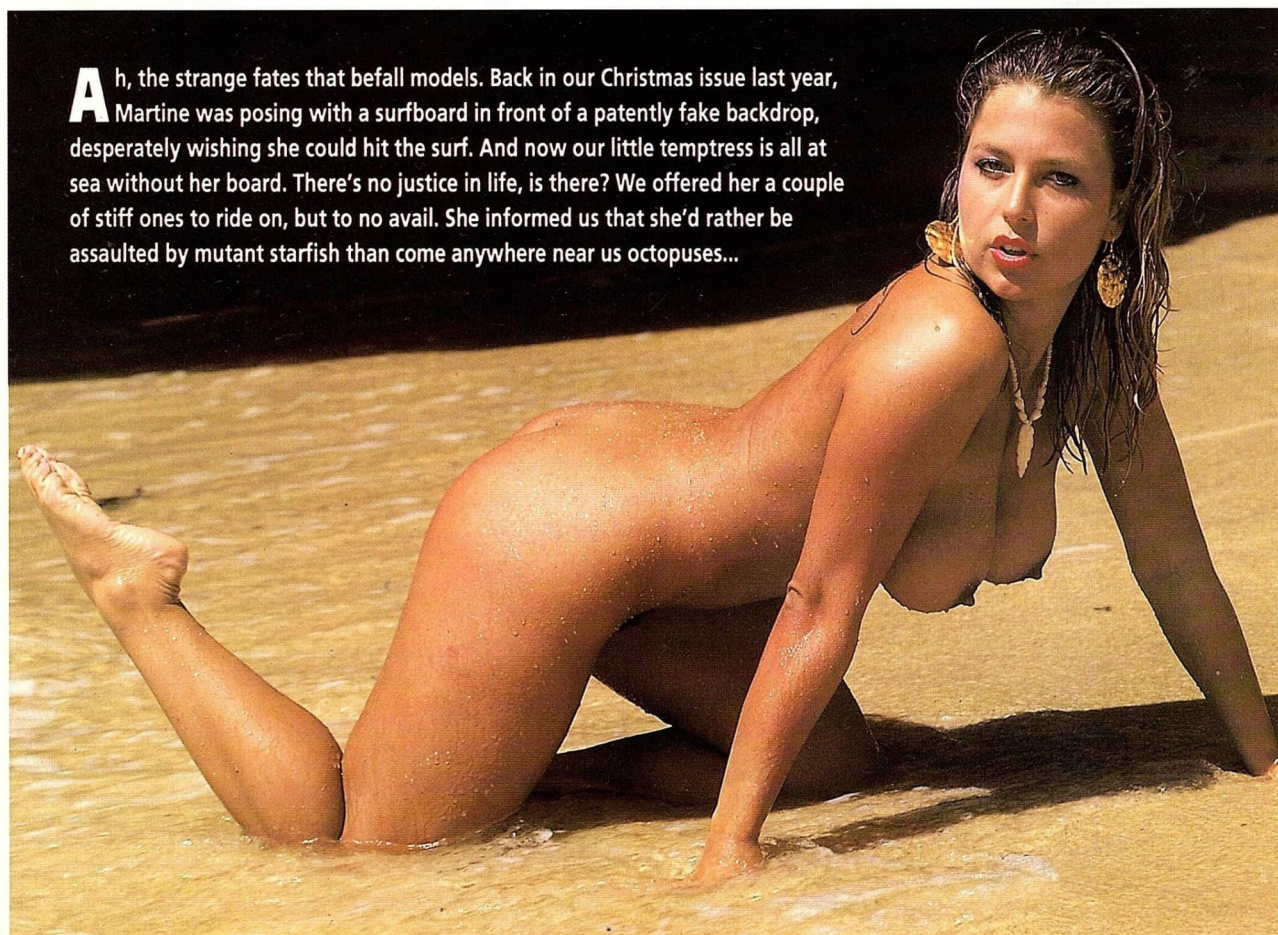
The most serious injury during a mild earthquake in Los Angeles was that caused to a man who was admitted to St Joseph's Medical Center in Burbank. He mistook the tremor for an intruder breaking into his home, and shot himself in the leg.

FROZEN STIFF

Kelly Tykurski, 20, a student at Michigan State University, had recurring nightmares for three years that her missing mother was tied up and could not move. Eventually, she prised open a locked freezer in the basement of her family home and found her mother's body. Her father, a high school principal, was charged with murder.



Ah, the strange fates that befall models. Back in our Christmas issue last year, Martine was posing with a surfboard in front of a patently fake backdrop, desperately wishing she could hit the surf. And now our little temptress is all at sea without her board. There's no justice in life, is there? We offered her a couple of stiff ones to ride on, but to no avail. She informed us that she'd rather be assaulted by mutant starfish than come anywhere near us octopuses...

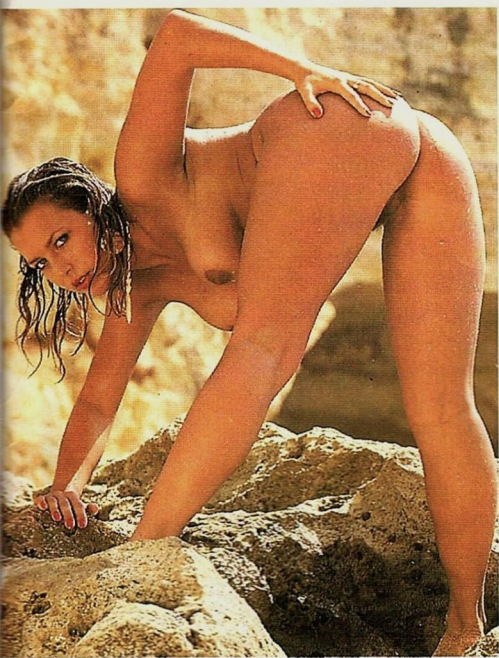






Photographed by ULF STJERNBO

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Rachel





Photographed by GEOFF HOWES

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Imagine the scene, you're sitting in your favourite armchair watching your very favourite TV programme when all of a sudden, Rachel walks in. Your pulse increases, your mouth gets dry. As she slowly strips off, you suddenly realise that you're in someone else's house and that in precisely fifteen minutes time, you're supposed to be sitting all your A levels at once and you haven't even got any gonks, or pencils with you. It's the stuff of nightmares, alright, and it certainly made me wake up in a cold sweat the other night. Thank heavens for tranquillisers, I murmured, as the vet shot me in the backside with another dose. Gibber, gibber, squawk.





perform.
Norma is a stunner, she's got
the lot, a real beauty with a

PUN-ILINGUS

Air male:

A bloke who's big on
blow-up dolls.

All fours:

The position a willing
woman assumes when
she sees a dog-eared sex
manual in her
boyfriend's flat.

Baize-ball:

Love on a snooker table.

Belly button:

The only button on a
birthday suit.

Blau job:

Getting sozzled in
Salzburg, tiddly in
Tyrol, beered in Berlin,
corked in Cologne, fried
in Frankfurt, high in
Heidelberg, lit in
Leipzig, stewed in
Stuttgart, or bottled in
Bonn.

figure to drool over and
personality to go with it. But
though, as I say, I lusted and
desired the fair Norma I
always knew that she was
out of bounds to the likes of
me.

Two years ago, just before I
went off to Bristol, Norma got
herself married and in fact
from the wedding reception
until this New Year's Eve she
and I never met the once.
Maybe it was pure jealousy
but I thought at the time that
her husband was a bit of a
drip and to tell the truth
Norma herself didn't come
across as my picture of what
a radiant bride should look
like. Then I remember a
week or so later my dad
mentioning that Norma's
newly acquired father-in-law
was a major shareholder in
Mr Turner's firm and I thought
maybe there is the reason
why.

Anyway on New Year's Eve
my folks and I were invited
as usual to the Turner's party.
Norma and her husband
were there too. He was a
misery with a large capital M
with a look on his face
enough to turn the milk sour
and make the beer go flat.
Stand - that is his name,
never entered into any of



Stephanie



It would be fair to point out right away that Stephanie has more than her fair share in the breast department. Not that you wouldn't have spotted that straight away, of course, or from last month's poster. But why use a Penny Farthing? I hear you ask. Why not, I belch indignantly. Actually, it was meant to be arty and surreal. Honestly it was. And it isn't just there so I can make jokes about wanting a quick ride and trying to get my leg over and being back in the saddle. I swear...







Photographed by JOHN MASON

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*If you'd like to
see nay, own,
pictures of
Stephanie that we
haven't printed,
then check out
the advert in our
Classified section.*



KIT







Photographed by ELECTRIC EYE

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There's something about girls with long blonde hair that's guaranteed to drive most men wild. But why? We posed this question to Kit as she sprawled across our staff bed. She really couldn't help, but did suggest that it might lie in the quest to find out the true hair colour of the girl. In other words, what do a platinum blonde and a jumbo jet have in common? Black boxes, of course...







Julie





Photographed by JAMES FREEMAN

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Regular readers will by now know of our penchant for giving away models' knickers in our Editor's Arse section, and Julie was no exception. She couldn't wait to get out of her panties and hand them to the Editor, even if they were still warm. It really can drive you to distraction; women running upstairs with all their fleshy bits dangling and flapping, just so they can pop their pants into the Editor's knicker box. The worst part is when the photographers drop theirs in, too. Still, nobody's perfect, although Julie's body comes damn close.

If you fancy owning unpublished photos of Julie, then just take a goosey gander at the advert in our Classified section!



Julie KNAVE



the real thing... bet you'd love that, eh Marty?" And as she walked out of the room the wink she gave me was sinful.

Neither of us spoke for what seemed an age then he said in a loud whisper, "This's my Win's birthday Marty, heh, heh, you could give her the best birthday present she's ever had, you know what I mean don't you Marty... a nice bit of how's-ye-father!" He added with a drunken chuckle, "A nice bit of black how's-ye-father... she'd love it Marty boyo... here she is."

She was wearing a short kimono and very high heels. She came into the room and did a twirl before me then humming a bar from 'The Stripper' let the kimono fall to her feet. Man she was all but naked. The bikini top was miniscule, the bottom part a mere thong and nothing more than a cord between the cheeks of her bum. Her cunt was just covered.

Win was maybe a foot in front of me and swaying on those gorgeous legs. She slowly put her hands at her back and then in a quick movement threw the bra top away. They were beautiful - very firm and the nipples engorged - I reached up for them, she shook her head and swayed away, I heard David guffaw. She put a hand on her right hip, another twirl and off came the thong... she spun round, I could see her cunt, the lips pink and glistening, she seemed to tumble and she was on my knees with an arm round my neck. David laughed loudly, drunkenly. His wife pulled my face down to hers and began to kiss me, her mouth open, the lips slack, her tongue probed. Her other hand was at my shirt and still kissing me, opened it to the waist and pulled it from my jeans. Still she kissed me, she was tugging at my belt, I could feel my erection start to grow, in seconds it was at full stand.

There must have been some form of telepathy working between us, maybe even the three of us. There was a

L e e





Jack Harrison's a man who knows his onions. And, more importantly, he knows his women, too. Many's the afternoon I've spent with him wandering the streets of Kensington - that rather posh area of London where the incomes are bigger than the phone numbers trying to find an overly expensive restaurant and marvelling at the huge numbers of sexy women in the world. Then complaining bitterly that none of them ever seem to recognise us as the international sex icons that we really are. But real life is like that, isn't it? It isn't a bowl of cherries; more like a rather large pile of garlic-laced cabbage nibbles.





Photographed by JACK HARRISON

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JAY





Clad in a net-like arrangement,
Jay could be mistaken for a
fisherman's friend (ooer).
Unfortunately, she hates people
carping on about angling and on
her scale of hated topics, it gets
a very low score as a conversation
opener. Mind you, she does like a
good double entendre, and is
more than happy to tug at a fly
while she flexes the odd rod.
Never let it be said, either, that
she shys away from tackling big
catches; it's just the minnows
she puts back.





Photographed by HUEY LOUIS

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Tamara





It's almost 11am and as dead as a dodo in here. The Fiesta Editor has gone off, ostensibly to research a feature on opium dens, and hasn't been seen for three days. NASA reports of a new satellite wearing a leather jacket and stubble have been passed around the office, but we still have no firm news. The Fotogirls team, meanwhile, are researching a feature on cheap restaurants and go-go bars in London, pausing only to fax their expense claims in. All this means that I have peace and quiet to look at Tamara with no clothes on. She's naked, too, which is something of a bonus for me, I can tell you.



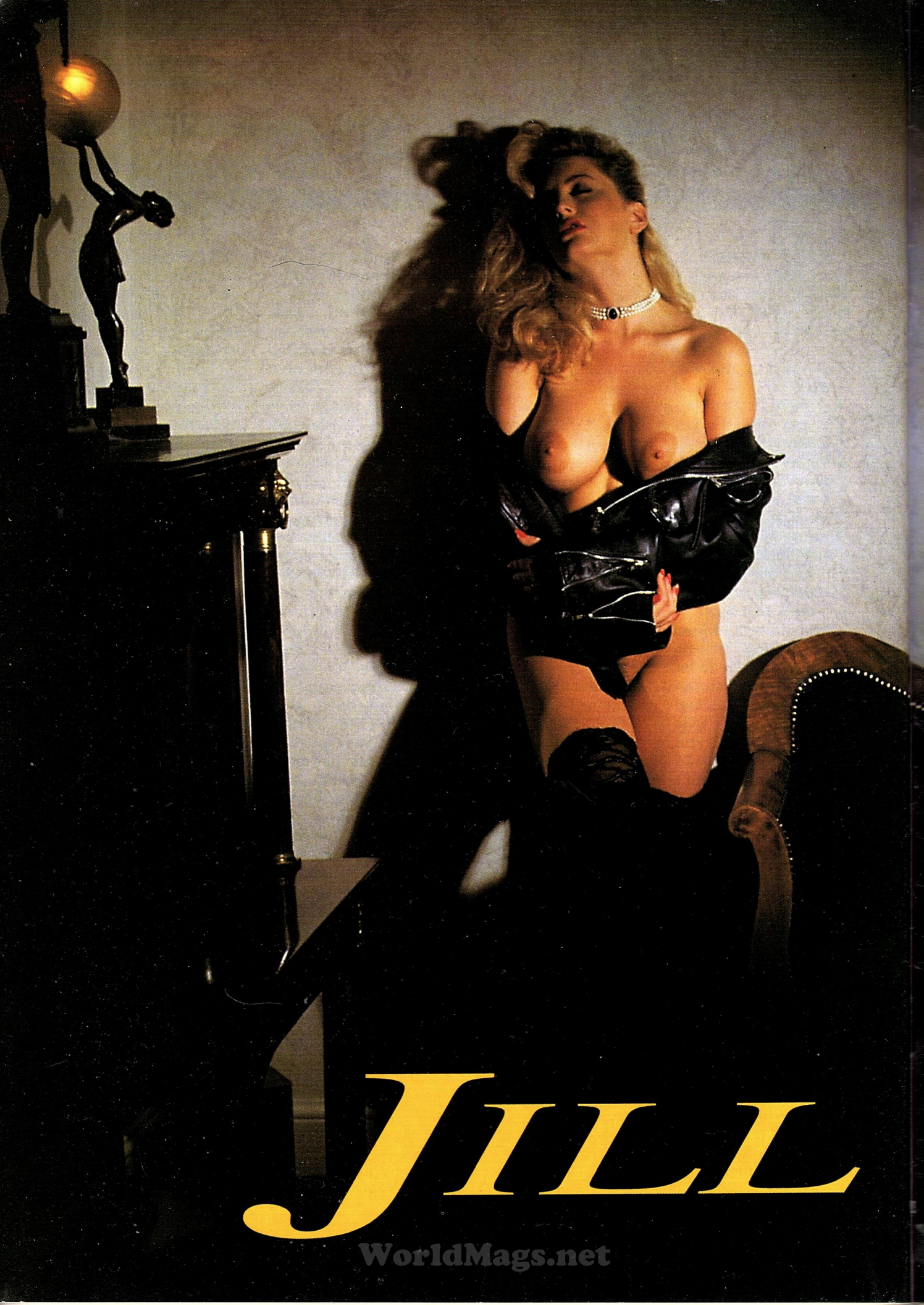




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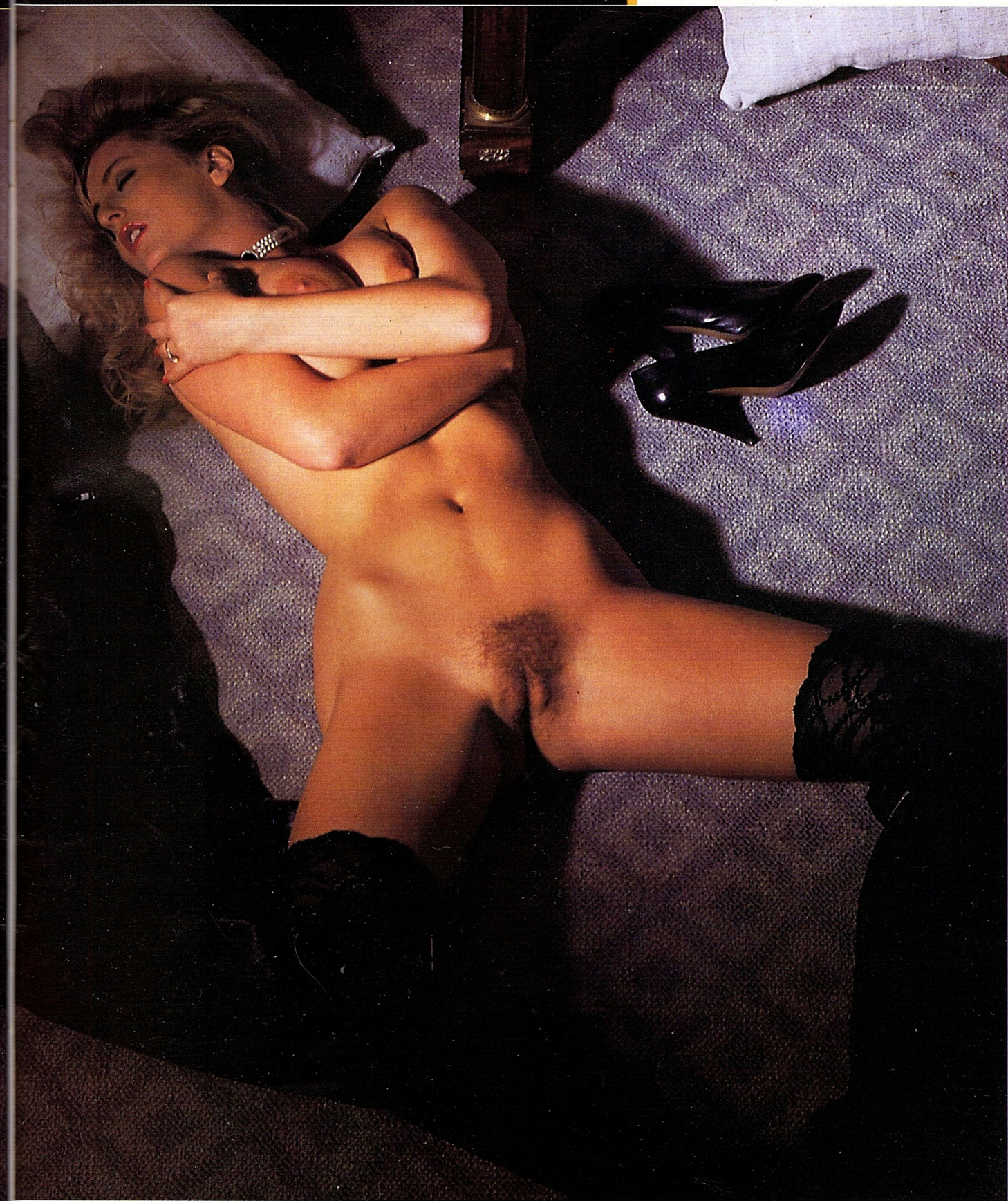




JILL

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Photographed by AUSTIN LEGREW



Now I don't know about you, but I love a good black and white film. Especially the old Ealing flicks where the Cockneys are broader than anything Albert Square could produce and come straight from the halls of RADA, luvvy. One of my fave ravers is Liz Fraser, the platinum blonde boobshell of many a

Fifties and Sixties film. From 'I'm Alright, Jack' through to the 'Carry On' series, Liz regularly cropped up in a succession of unrealistically tight jumpers and enormously coned bras. Which brings us to Jill, whom we think bears more than a passing resemblance to Liz in all the best departments. Except that she doesn't need the pointy bra, of course, for which we are all eternally and erectily grateful...





ashley







What with the enormous delivery of jelly for Fiesta, and a custard flood in the studio, Ashley's brow-mopping comes as a welcome relief for a tired publishing executive, as we like to call ourselves. Yes, we certainly like a bit of executive relief round here...

After going into a frenzy about old black and white classics with Jill, it's nice to relax in the soft arms of Ashley and take a breather.

Things have been a bit hectic here over the past few days.







COMING



-HOTTER THAN JULY!

Another absolutely sextastic issue! Read about **ANNIE SPRINKLE**'s amazing career in porn, tap your feet to a feature on the darker side of jazz, forget Young Guns and meet the real **BILLY THE KID** in **Triggernometry** and '**JACK THE STRIPPER**' in our **Crime & Punishment** series. And, when you're sick of reading, take a look at some of the girls we've lined up for you! All this, plus our regular **PENPOWER** letters, **IT HAPPENED TO ME** and **DIFFERENT STROKES**, plus another **FREE POSTER!** How do we do it?!

KNAVE VOLUME 24 NUMBER 7
- on all the best shelves from July 3rd.

PENPOWER PLUS

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thick pile rug where she was knelt and as I pushed my jeans off my legs she was spreading herself wide open at my feet. I got myself astride her and I went for her breasts and pussy as her hands were on my cock. Her large, firm tits stuck up at me, the nipples dark red and already stiff with excitement. I bent my mouth to one

sucking it in deep, rolling it under my tongue as I took the other between finger and thumb. She was making a lot of noise, her fingers flashing up and down my cock, my swaying balls brushing her tummy. Reaching behind me I ran my other

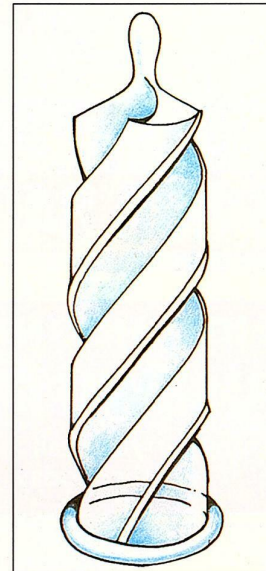
hand over her thighs, putting my palm flat over her twat. I felt her clit with my thumb and I sank my middle finger up her slit, I heard her growl and she was raising her hips taking my finger deep into her and trapping my hand between her warm, wet thighs and pushing her tit further into my mouth. The nipple was as hard as a pebble and seemed as large as a chestnut.

Then that telepathy again and her urgency was matching mine. I slid down her body, she was panting, her boobs were wobbling as she breathed deeper, her hands held me tighter and her legs were wide. I saw her cunt, the pink inner lips puffed up and wet, she had my knob between them. She moaned and raised her legs high into the air, I moved one hand under her buttocks and rammed into her with all my strength. She was tight but she was incredibly wet

and as I started fucking, her cunt was gripping me like a vacuum on every up thrust.

I fucked harder and quicker, her legs were on my shoulders, her ankles at my neck, her hands on my bum - cupping me, pulling me tight. I sensed she was close to orgasm, I pulled back till I had but two inches in her and made my cock jerk three or four times. I could

feel her fingers dig into my bum, her head went back and rolled on the rug, her hair was strewn across it, her mouth was loose and her eyes vacant. I heard her cry out, "Now Marty, now." As I slammed all the way home I could feel her juices flooding my



cock, she bucked up hard and our bellies were slapping as my ten inches of black cock pistoned in and out of her shaven snatch.

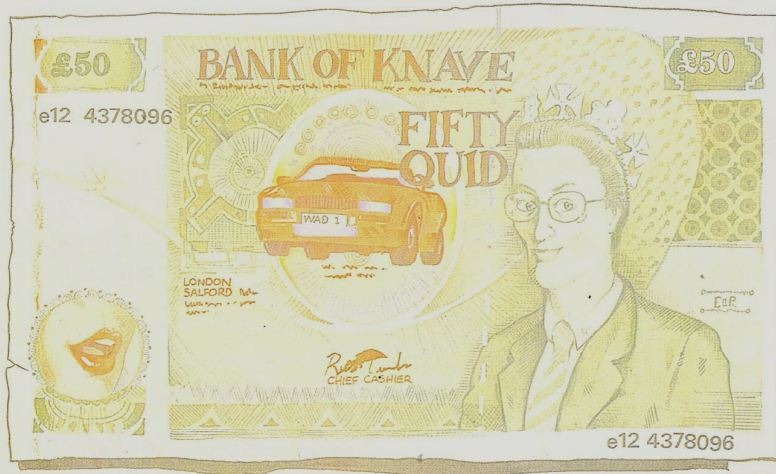
We were screwing pure and simple now, no frills or fancy stuff, just basic shagging on that rug. Somehow her legs were now round my waist, she was grunting wildly, our bodies bathed in sweat and for most of the time her bum was clear of the rug. There was a numbness in the head of my prick, my shaft thickened and my balls tightened. Harder and harder I fucked her, I was ploughing so deep with every stroke that there seemed to be no feeling in my cock at all just the spunk boiling in my balls. I was aware she was screaming under me and my hot, thick sperm was coming out of me, out of me and into her, bursting, jetting, spurting. Man, but could that lady fuck! - M., London.



PENPO

Thrusting, sweating and spurting - the raw ingredients of **PENPOWER PLUS**. And when we say raw, we mean it! This is your chance to get your latest or greatest sexual adventure in print. We pay £5 for every letter printed, and an enormous throbbing £50 for our letter of the month. All the letters are genuine, and the only things we change are names and locations in order to preserve anonymity, so stop what you're doing and get writing to:

Penpower Plus, Knave, Galaxy Publications Ltd.,
PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.



Sinema

It was a cold Saturday afternoon in Zurich. I had to wait there until Monday and the chances were I had to spend my time looking at TV in my hotel room. The streets were deserted, I did not know anybody in town, I spoke a very elementary

German. I was definitely in a bad mood. The lights of an adult cinema attracted me. Damn! I had to spend my time in some way and I got in. The film was an old American porno classic, starring Annette Haven. I got only mildly excited, though Annette

certainly deserved more. In the interval, when the lights went on, I looked around. What a shabby sight! The picture house was clean and even elegant, but the audience was a mixture of foreign workers coming from the most destitute countries. All the waiters and

scrubbers of the town were gathered in that hall. I felt I had fallen into the dregs of society and it did not help to soften my bad mood.

Then she came in. Thirty seconds before the lights subdued again the most attractive woman I had seen in my life made her magic appearance.

She was tall, commanding, haughty, classy. She had dark hair which she wore arranged in a thick and short plait falling on her back. She was of dark complexion. I noticed a sensual nose, two ripe lips, high black leather boots disappearing under a fur coat. You couldn't see much of her body, but you could very well imagine it. Firm and compact, accustomed to love-making and carnal pleasures.

The man who followed her was short, negligible. Certainly not handsome. Obviously, quite rich. She was in her early 30s, while he was well over 50.

She was clearly in command of the operations. In the 30 seconds of light which were left she cast an icy look around. When the lights went off, she marched straight towards me, followed by her male escort. I had to stand up to allow them enter into the narrow row of chairs and find a place at my right. When she passed me, she pressed her bum against my crotch in a clearly wilful way. Then she sat at my side, the other man at her right, one seat further.

Well, I am a young man of the world and the meaning of all that was not obscure to me, but I panicked. I knew I had to make a move, but I was in a foreign country,

knowing little of local customs. What would happen if she made a scandal?

Moreover the lady seemed not to be interested in the least about my person. For about five long minutes she didn't cast even an oblique eye on me. She was pretentiously looking at the screen where gigantic cocks found their way into dripping cunts. I was just realizing that a woman who looked at those scenes should not object at a pass, when she came to my rescue. Always looking in front of her she manoeuvred with her hands and her legs. Gosh! She was taking off her panties! I had not yet fully realized what was happening when her tapering fingers let a sweet nothing of lace drop on my lap.

Then, always without looking at me, she took my left hand and she guided it on her firm tits. She was completely naked under the fur coat. I could feel her hard, pointed nipples, the only apparent sign of arousal of that arrogant beauty. Then she guided my hand down on an hairless mons, then on a huge clit and into her cleft, flooded with vaginal liquids. She was aroused for good!

I had a powerful erection, meanwhile, and the lady wanted to feel it. Without looking at me she pressed her hand against my crotch and started unzipping my trousers. I had a pair of boxers as underpants and my huge 8" prick could spring out without difficulty. Now she looked at it. An intense, longing look, showing all her sexual desire and making me even

WATER

PLUS



harder, if possible. I was aware that people around us were watching, but I couldn't care less. She wanked me for maybe one minute, then she forced down my foreskin and took a long appreciative look at the powerful knob. She was clearly satisfied with what she saw.

She exchanged words with the man and then whispered at my ear in German. Luckily it was easy enough for me to understand: "Let's go home. Follow us at a short distance and get into our car."

I did as directed. The woman sat at the driver's place of a huge Mercedes, the man was on the back seat and

they kept the other front door open for me. I slipped in and relaxed. She didn't bother to introduce herself or her partner. She simply said: "You would like to fuck me, don't you? And do you mind if my husband watches and takes some pictures of us? Don't worry, they are for private use, he's a sort of collector." So he was her husband and she clearly despised him. I did not object, there was no question of drawing back. I was too excited, anyway. And I was also a sort of exhibitionist. A watching husband would only add spice to the delicacy. They lived in a big villa on

the lake, just outside Zurich. At last we could speak a little. I found out she was Italian and her name, very aptly indeed, was Barbara. She did not seem moved to meet a fellow countryman. To her husband she said in German: "You should see the huge tool he has. I long to taste it!"

When we reached their villa she pushed me furiously into a large bedroom, all mirrors and velvets. On the way we let our garments drop on the floor. She didn't bother to take off her boots. My good Lord, what a body! What firm tits, what large brown areolas, what long protruding nipples, what a

bulging clit, what large and thick cunt lips! And what a ferocious sensuality! We did not spend any time in the usual foreplay. She forced my cock in her wet and hot channel as if she was in danger of losing it at any moment. I am usually a long-stander, but the endless grinding motion of her hips forced me to come in a few minutes. She was ready, anyway and we both exploded in a gigantic orgasm before hubby was ready to take any picture. But, in Barbara's view, that was only the beginning. We allowed ourselves a short intermission. She ordered her husband to prepare coffee

for us.

There was just time for a cup of coffee and we were back at it again. This time we duly passed through all the stages of cunt-eating, blow-jobbing and sixty-nineing. Then we revised all the Kama Sutra positions. Barbara was orgasming all the way and I was inundated by her cunt juices. Hubby could take all the photos he wanted. After that he was sent to the kitchen to arrange for a dinner, which he served us in style, in the dining room, with candles and silverware. He was a superb cook and a good waiter, I must admit.

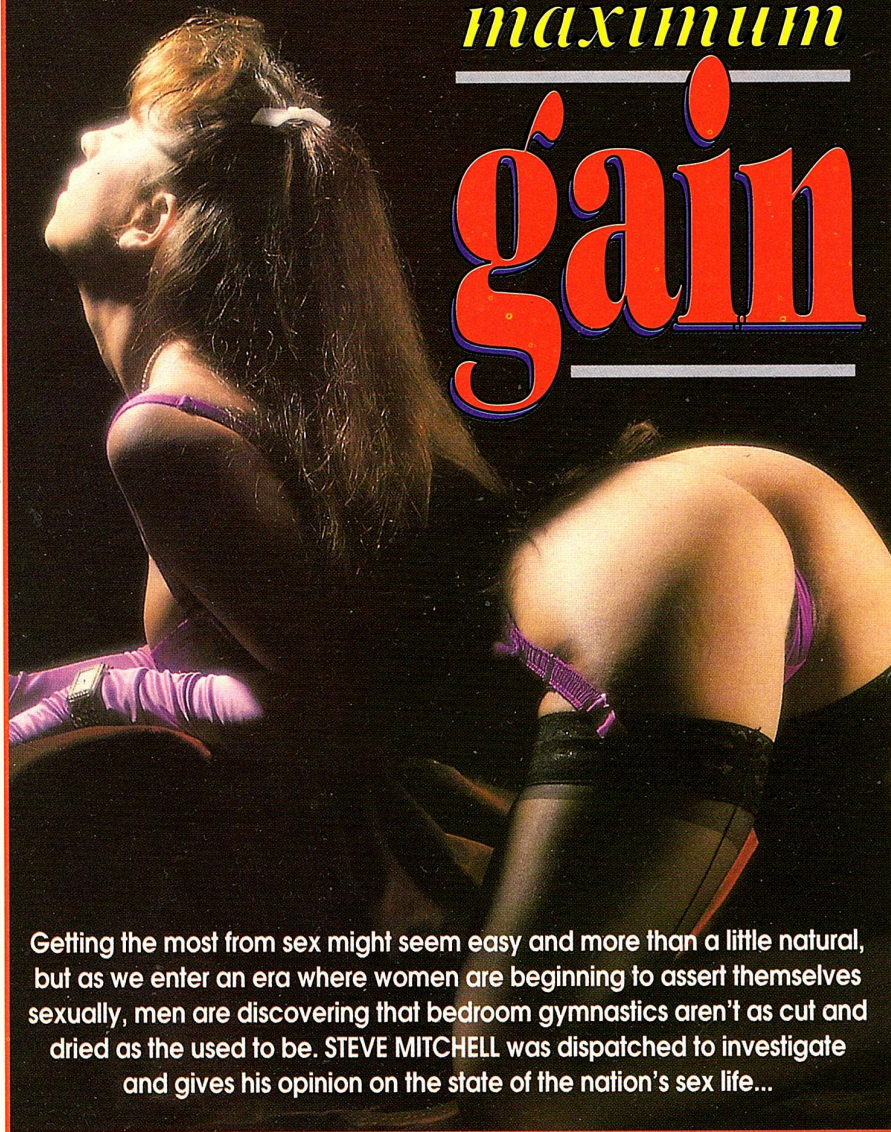
I was asked to stay all night, and I obliged. After looking at some porno videos we were ready again. This time hubby joined us in bed. Barbara did not lose the opportunity of making crude comparisons between the sizes of the two cocks.

What else? We also spent the following Sunday in bed. I left their villa at the early lights of Monday morning, dried out of every drop of sperm, but happy. When I think I dreamed it all I look at that sweet nothing of lace Barbara dropped on my lap at the cinema, and I know it really happened to me. - G.R., Italy.

Thick, Black And Rock Hard

I've been reading Knave (and Fiesta) for very nearly twenty years and it's taken that length of time for an event to occur in my dull, monotonous existence to warrant writing to you myself. Over the years if I've

minimum • INPUT • maximum gain



Getting the most from sex might seem easy and more than a little natural, but as we enter an era where women are beginning to assert themselves sexually, men are discovering that bedroom gymnastics aren't as cut and dried as the used to be. STEVE MITCHELL was dispatched to investigate and gives his opinion on the state of the nation's sex life...

What's your definition of good sex? Minimum input and maximum gain, or a fine balance that leads to massive, simultaneous orgasm?

Okay, what do you think your partner's idea of great sex is? If she says it's great already, then give yourself a pat on the back but secretly wonder if she's telling the truth, because there's a high likelihood that she's lying!

The unfortunate and sad truth is that as women become increasingly open about their sexuality, men are learning that what we've been attempting to do in bed has been sadly inadequate. But although women have been strident in the media about their

sexuality, the bedrooms of Britain have remained remarkably quiet.

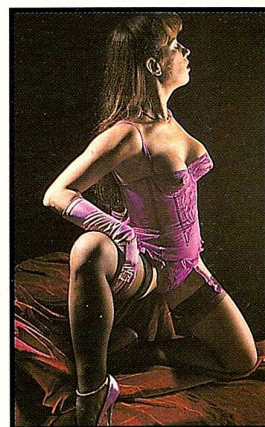
Various positions and techniques apart, an ideal male sexual scenario may well consist of little preamble before bedtime; a hurried

strip followed by a blow job, a couple of minutes of frenzied intercourse, orgasm and then sleep. A woman, on the other hand, needs just a bit more stimulation before she can consider or desire sex and, by the time the man has come, may just about be in the mood for a good fuck. Unfortunately, there aren't too many men with the inclination to jump straight back into the game after one ejaculation, no matter what some of us might say. Moreover, if we've gone at it with anything close to professionalism, we wouldn't have the energy. Women, on the other hand, have a far greater capacity for sex and a much broader knowledge of their own bodies than they'll confess to men.

Whilst we strive to attain orgasm, a simple spurting, with all our sensations locked firmly into our groins and little emotional or spiritual feeling, women experience orgasm in an entirely different way. Coming for them is more than a series of vaginal and pelvic contractions, and involves their emotions, mind and body while they experience an intensity of feeling toward their partner. While this may sound a little intangible and weird to us, think back and recall the best orgasm you ever had and the euphoria you experienced with it, because it probably isn't a million miles away from the type of orgasm experienced by women.

Whereas ejaculation for men is a simple motor task - pump, pump, pump, spurt - women can experience two distinctly different types of orgasm, the clitoral, and the vaginal. The first occurs usually through masturbation, cunnilingus and manual stimulation, while the second results from intercourse. The former is by far the more

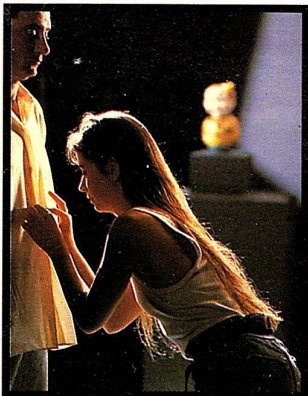
intense, and, given the choice, most women would leap at the chance of a clitoral orgasm. But there's an interesting paradox here, since, according to studies conducted by Shere Hite, many women yearn to have a penis



flatter their femininity. (Er, so I'm told!). Others still have cocks. Hence Lecon 8: touch everything before you buy!

Before the cops closed the Bois to traffic at sundown (so it's bound to be open again this summer), it was safer for health/wallet just to cruise. Which is enough of a thrill for tourists and ex-DPP chiefs. Topless working girls (or "girls") in the tiniest skirts or string panties - all the easier to flash you with, mon cher! - swing their (usually) voluminous merchandise at kerb-crawlers, the way kids rush up to clean your windows at traffic lights.

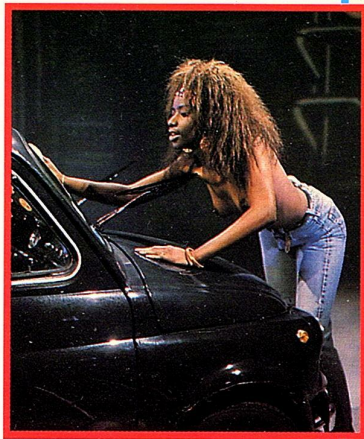
That's all I'd let those Bois tarts do - wipe my windows with their floppies. Some 81% of them have AIDS. Which might explain why the other 19% are so busy!



HOOKERS

The real pro, complete with prostitute's card, will give you a good(ish) time. Paris hookers (especially the Italians) are the world's best! A lot of the younger and (for about a week) prettier girls are on drugs and snatch your money rather than renting snatch. Lecon 9: Never photograph the Pigalle girls, their nearby pimps will crush you! Lecon 10: Keep your hand on your halfpenny - they (and you) are surrounded by pickpockets, disguised as tourists, complete with cameras and back-packs!

Lecon 11: One reason they closed the Bois was the annual £1m bill for cleaning up the condoms. Another reason, swears one tart, was: "somebody in the government catching HIV here." Yet another was the corpse of a naked man choker-chained - and choked.



FREE SEX!

Further around the Bois area - in the Contre-alles des Marechaux, behind the Russian Embassy! - Paris offers something unique. Free street sex. Of a kind.

Name of the game is exhib. (Lecon 12: exhibitionism). Couples drive up, park, flash their headlights - and everything else. As waiting men swarm around, the woman in the car - usually the driver's wife - strips and plays with her tits or fanny. Winding her window down is code for letting you play with her. If not, you join the other guys - the size of the group depends on how many cars are flashing - and you jerk off over the windows! (Windscreen wiping gangs could make a sticky fortune here).



him up to £500 for the shoot, or £200 - if you let him release it as an amateur video cassette.

The results are usually crass, more camera than tit wobble. In the recession, unemployed couples are queuing to get paid

finest is Le Hard Club 88, at 88 Rue St. Denis. Most hard stuff is now made for cassette only. Unfortunately, amateur shit (youngsters, 70-year-olds, even handicapped couples) represents 25% of the business.

In High Street video shops here, hard-core porno from France, Italy, Spain, Scandinavia and, of course, America is just part of the normal merchandise, alongside thrillers, Westerns, sport and concerts. Zero hassle to buy. Zero embarrassment. Imports are still in American-English on Pal; French-dubbed on Secam. (Lecon 14: Vas-y salop means: "Yes, yes, keep going, bitch!")

Worried about Customs finding pornos in your luggage? Lecon 15: Buy a copy of TV K7 magazine (K7 is phonetic for cassette in French), since it prints full-page jackets for films you tape off TV. Slit open the porno box, remove hard cover, replace with one from the magazine. Thus: Reves du cuir (Leather Dreams) can look like Rain Man. Simple! Lecon 16: Trustworthy French porno names: Directors Francis Leroi, Michel Ricaud; starfuckers Brigitte Lahaie,



PORNO VIDEOS

If you notice someone fucking in a metro station or car-park, look out... You could be on candid camera, part of the new amateur video sex craze started by contact-mag publisher Michel Soulier in Montpellier. It's also taken off in Paris with the "Put your fantasies on video" operation of nude model agent Patrice Cabanel. You pay

for doing what they do at home! Amateurs get £100 a go. Some transfer to the pro ranks at £400 a fuck.

The 70s government imposition of X-rating and heavy tax on hard-core films killed off porno cinemas. Although the Cinevog, 101 Rue St. Lazare (near the rail station) still runs six pornos a day at £4 each. You can also view the blues in sex-shops -

EUROPORN

France

Ever since we French ceased fighting you Brits for creating St. Joanburgers (typical English cooking, the meat was burnt) and for rescuing our asses in two world wars, we've simply misunderstood each other. We reckon you know nothing about (a) sex, (b) food, (c) rugby/tennis/football. You say we do nothing but (a) fuck, (b) eat/drink and (c) are still able to fuck superbly - ask your wives after their French hols! (Shurely shome mistake? - Ed).

Two words explain it all: Hypocrisy. Liberty. You are hypocritical. We are free.

For example, two of our TV channels show hard-core porno and we see hotter movies in the cinemas (Sharon Stone's steamy Basic Instinct sex is US-banned but uncut here). There are more sex clubs than could be listed in this whole issue; "life shows" with real fucking or the Folies Bergere, and tits akimbo on every advertising hoarding. Even the language is sex oriented! Kiss and fuck are the same word in French (Lecon 1: baiser)! And for married men, mistresses are the order of the day! We French never understand UK/US scandals; it's a scandal here if a politico doesn't have a lover!

More couples, be they young, middle-aged, elderly, hetero or homosexual, kiss in the streets here than anywhere else. In restaurants, cinemas, buses, metro trains, kissing can turn into fingers entering gussets, pussies, or the unzipping of the

As the Eurotunnel draws nearer completion and we're all faced with the prospect of easy travel to France, perhaps it's wise to find out what's on offer. We dispatched our correspondant, MARCEL PROUTE to investigate all aspects of porn in the land of the coq and he came back with 21 easy lessons (lecons)...

old saucisson. And that was even before the current rage of Amateur videos.

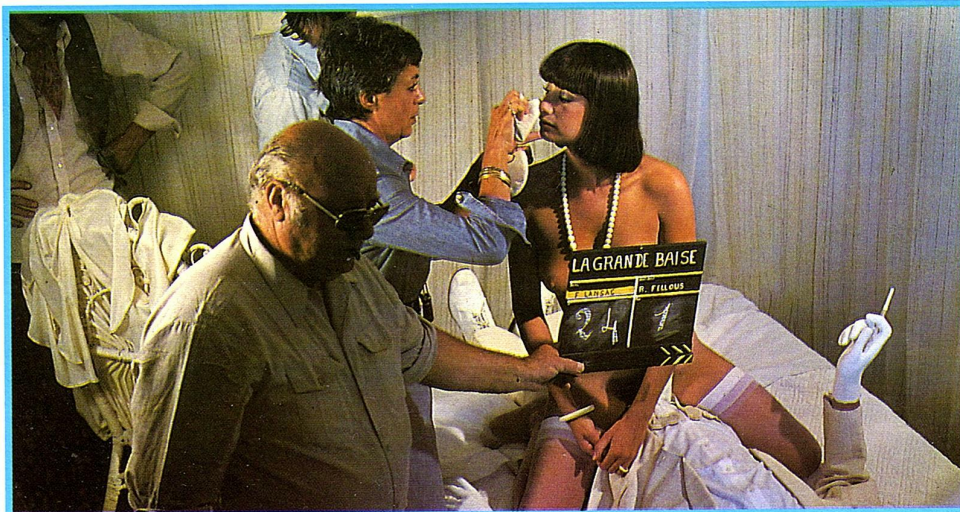
legendary prostitution centres are:

1. Rue St. Dennis is like Soho

market as everything there, though not as pricey as the top call-girls. It's famed for attracting hookers in cars (complete with curtains!), and couples cruising for partouze partners. (Lecon 5: partouze is orgy).

3. And, favourite with the Paris By Night bus tours, is the amazing Bois de Boulogne. It's a little like London's Hyde Park but with more trees to hide behind and fuck up against because, Lecon 6: a bois is a wood.

The Bois situation has drastically changed. Gone are its human zoo days of damn near naked hookers - hetero, homo,



STREET SEX

Each of the 20 arrondissements (Lecon 3: districts) of Paris has places where the normal heated activity of lustful Parisians has become an art form. The most

in the 50s: a meat market of 1,200 tarts. Lecon 4: Leave your wallet safe. In the hotel safe.

2. Avenue Foch, just off the Arc de Triomphe, is as up-

transvestite and the legendary South American (first Brazilian, now Colombian) transexuals. Some with surgically made vaginas to go with their new tits. Lecon 7: They love it when you

EUROPORN France

Marilyn Jess, Zara Whites and Carole Tennesy - an ex-Miss France.



BELLYVISION

The Canal Plus pay-channel screens twelve 100% hard-core porno movies a year. So does a son-of-Plus cable-station, Cine Cinephil. The movies are rarely listed in TV guides as pornographique - but erotique! Just as men's magazines are called magazines du charme.

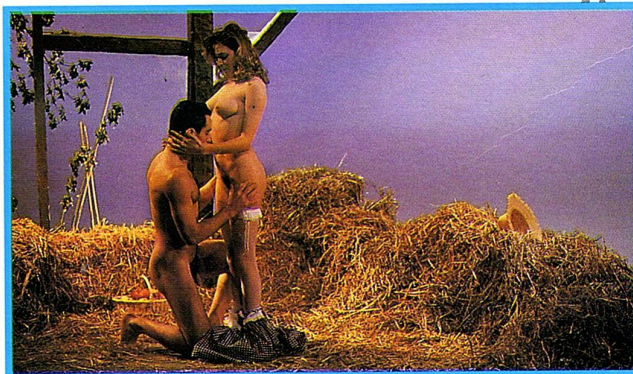
Canal Plus has about 4 million subscribers (not counting hotels, hospitals, etc. - it can burst your stitches). Each new porno premieres just after midnight on the first Saturday of the month, winning a bigger audience than the sports round-up on the No. 1 channel, TF1.

Cable is a flop because the six main French stations supply more tits 'n' ass 'n' flaccid dicks - in films, plays, erotic shows, rock videos, nudie commercials - than MTV, CNN and the abysmal BBC World Service!

Getting closer to full blown porno, M6 and La 5 run soft-core films, mostly limp-dick versions of hard-on porno. So, (a) the fucking's for real even if you don't see penetration and (b) open pussies/stiffies are

glimpsed before the cameraman remembered which version he was shooting.

There's also rose programming. Lecon 17: Rose, means pink, the colour, for obvious reasons, of sex. FR3's Series Rose is a collection of half-hour erotic costume capers (costumes soon fall off). M6's Venus has a full-frontal, naked girl hosting a mix of similarly nude satires, singers - even nostalgic Harrison Marks nudies from Soho! Other Rose shows shoot the public's reaction to a raincoated blonde flashing her wherewithalls. Then there's Blind Man's Buff, as blindfolded guys feel six tits to identify their own partners, and erotic shorts interspersed around rock videos in Sexy Clip. It's all distinctly hotter than anything the UK could come up with. And no media hassles. There's no Mme. Whitehouse in France! Because, quite simply, the French see nothing wrong with sex. It's normal, natural, a great reason to live. So why hide it?

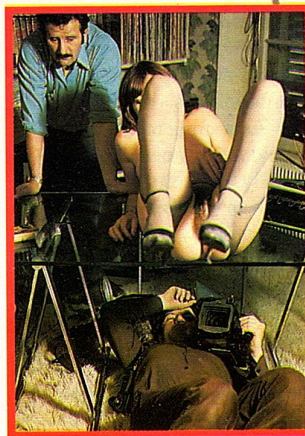


BROTHELS

Saved by porno, Canal Plus is now so rich that it invests in Hollywood blockbusters, like Terminator 2, J.F.K. As a post-porno treat, it often screens ancient blues.

However, les maisons closes

(Lecon 18: closed houses, knocking-shops) have long since gone. Whether run by the famous Madame Claude for le tout Paris (Lecon 19: high society, politics, film/TV stars) or someone lower down the price scale, you could rely on disease-free girls. They had regular medical check-ups. Brothels (screenwriter Jean-Claude Carrière lives in an old one) continue only as friendship/contact/swapping and even dining clubs. The best for strip, swap or sex is Chris and Manu - couples only - at 5 Rue St. Bon. Plus Adam's Club, 19 Rue Brey (42.72.52.18), with food and drink. Es jeux erotique (Lecon 10: what Paris is all about - sex games).



SINEMA

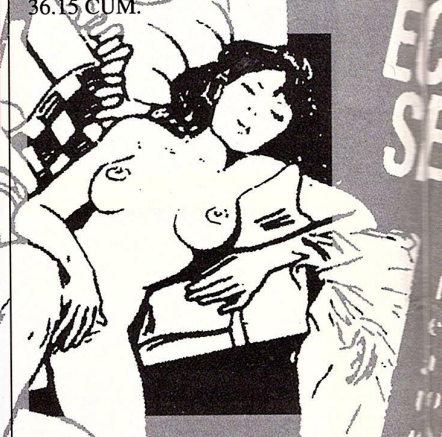
French films are famed for bold sex. A startling new actress is discovered each month and you can bet your

Depardieu (positively tumescent in The Last Woman) to Alain Delon. And one anonymous stiffie is wanked to (soft-focus) ejaculation in Sharing Annabelle.



TELEPHONE-SEX

Punch up a number on the Minitel videotext computers - 36.15 followed by a code for differing services and you can play the dirty chat games on the screen. Or, via the pink-telephone numbers. (You'll need good French). The French spend six million hours a month on these things attracted by heavy advertising in metros and streets... like the one called: 36.15 CUM.



SEX SHOWS

Quaintly billed as 'live' rather than live shows, you'll find regular fucking - man-woman, woman-woman - around Pigalle, Montmartre and Les Halles. A good (s)example of these is Mirodrome, 147 Rue Saint-Denis, an all-day £2 peeperie, or £15 for the noon-to-midnight hard shows.

You'll need to book for better joints, as Japanese tourists pack 'em out, being deprived of pubic hair in films and mags back home! Chochotte has the best non-stop Left Bank action for £30, from noon/midnight at



sucking and penetration pics. However, if you write to the mag, they'll send you the missing naughty bits to stick in place. Like a one-handed jig-saw!

Numerous porno mags are higher up the shelves, instead of under the counter, where you'd expect to find them in the UK. And just as naked (even masturbating) women are openly displayed in art gallery windows, museums and films. Porno photos can even

appear in books without publishers facing any fear of legal action.

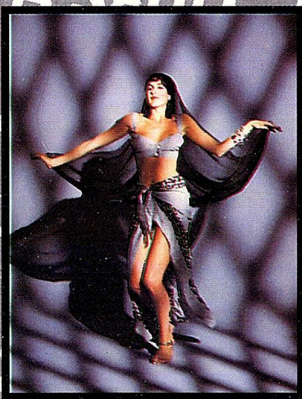
French kids don't steal Dad's Knave to see pussy. As the French bath/shower more often than the English, kids are used to seeing their parents naked. Which is just as it should be. Various of my friends (flower-power progeny) were invited to see their parents screwing - or swapping. Never corrupted them, although most French males start sex earlier than Brits - at 11 or 12. And not always with older women!

Half the two million watching Canal Plus hard-core are female and 25% agree that: "Porno

exites us - sexual carressing more than penetration and cum-shots." Women also make up 20% of sex shop customers - looking for a little something to liven up the old man's old man, or the newer, younger lover. Lecon 20: Play your cards right, in any of the Champs-Elysees bars (I prefer the bottomless-hostesses at 78 Rue de Maubeuge) and that could be you.

But bring your wife with you... Lecon 21: Nothing we French studs love more than showing frustrated British women what sex is really like. (Oh don't talk nonsense, you jibbering French fool! - Ed).

34 Rue Saint-Andre de Arts (43.54.97.82). Or, Loving-Chair has hard-core goings-on for £25, £30 for front row, at 62 Rue Pigalle (49.95.08.39) - four nightly shows from 8pm, often including public swapping. The best soft (topless) shows are well-known: Montmartre's Folies Bergere or Moulin-Rouge (£64 each for dinner/show); the Champs-Elysees Lido (from £60); and Alain Bernardin's stunning Crazy Horse Salon (from £20/£48), currently celebrating 25 years at 12 Avenue George V, with, among other beauties... Betty Buttocks!



PUBLISHING

French magazines differ from their English counterparts in a few ways. For example, we have more stylish artistry in our men's magazine girl sets, fewer readers' letters, sexier and prettier readers' wives as well as open pussies in the contact ads. Sexy Mag runs hard shots, with stamp-like squares covering



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cloud, conscious of my head on his shoulder and of his right hand smoothing over my buttocks and the back of his left nudging my right tit. I felt the bulge of his cock on my thigh, I gasped "Oh, oh, oh." He pressed me even

and pulled his face down to mine. My lips were parted and his mouth was hard on mine and as his tongue probed I sucked on it hard and nibbled with my teeth. Our kiss got hungrier. His erection was massive and I ground my cunt against it,

ballroom, I was aware but only vaguely of Greg opening a door and we seemed to be in a largish cupboard, a light was shining through a fanlight and he was helping me down onto my knees. He had his hands inside my dress and they pushed into my bra. Something went snap and he grunted, "What a pair of lovely, big tits, go on Ellen, go on, you know what to do".

I knew alright, I was on my knees and I was pulling and tugging at belts and zips, slipping both his trousers and

underpants down his great, hairy thighs. His long, thick, black, rock hard prick jumped out at me. I grabbed it in both hands and slowly licked all the way round his rim. I could even smell him, smell the sex on him and it made me even hornier than I already was. He was rolling my boobs in his palms, my nipples ached they were so hard. Taking my mouth from his cock, I gently pulled back his foreskin till his huge helmet was but an inch from my richly painted lips. I licked the underside of his cock with my tongue and tried to curl it round his throbbing, black knob. My lips opened wider, I was salivating, I wanted to suck him but his size, his thickness scared me. I took one gulp of air and let him slide over my tongue, three inches,

four, five, six. He was nudging the back of my throat. Another gulp, I moved my head back, there were two inches down my throat. I had my fist round the base of his cock, there were still another three inches to go and I knew I couldn't swallow anymore. He was lovely, as I moved my mouth and throat slowly up and down his meat I felt him put one hand on my head. Many a man would have ravished my mouth but he let me do it all. His self control was marvellous, something I've gloried over many a time since. I even had a couple of tiny little orgasms before inevitably, I suppose, something just went pop. My tongue was swollen, my cunt was dripping juice, my nipples wanted to burst, they were so hard. I sucked harder, I pulled him in closer, I even got another inch down my throat. I could feel his fingers tug at my hair and the cock in my mouth jumped. He pumped just the once and then his spunk was squirting out of him in great, thick, hot



tighter and I felt his cock jerk. "Greg, Greg," I moaned and moved my crotch across his. My breath was coming in gulps. I could still feel that cock, it was harder, bigger and I just wanted to swoon away in Greg's arms. I put my arms behind his neck

up and down and from side to side. I felt a wall on my back and he pressed me against it, one of his knees was between mine and I was opening for him, all I could think of was to fuck and to be fucked. Somehow we got out of the

JOKER

One night, after work, Dave brought home a huge bunch of flowers for his wife. "They're lovely," said his wife, "but what are we celebrating?" "Oh, we're not celebrating anything," replied the husband, "I bought them because I love you. Let's go upstairs and make love, darling." "Oh, not tonight Dave I'm too tired," came the reply.

The following day Dave brought home a huge box of chocolates with a big red bow around it. He handed them to his wife and she said, "Ah, they're lovely, but what are they for?" "Nothing," replied Dave, "I bought them because I love you, Sweetie. Let's go upstairs and make love." "Oh, no," replied his wife, "not tonight, I have a headache."

This happened for the remainder of the week. Each day Dave would bring home a present, his wife would ask what it was for, and Dave would explain he'd bought it because he loved her and she'd give some excuse for refusing his advances.

Finally, in utter frustration, he came home with six little black kittens with red bows around their necks, smart little black cat coats and white shirts underneath. "Oh, they're adorable," said his wife stroking one of the kittens under the chin, "but what are they for?" "They're six little pallbearers who've come to take your dead pussy away," he told her

JOKER

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jets. It was splashing everywhere, down my throat, onto the roof of my mouth and running down

board and so different to my husband's beer-gut. He told me later that I sort of snorted when I first saw his cock and balls properly - it'd been too

finger-fucked me with one hand the other was back onto my boobs. As I watched, he moved his hand from my cunt and



"Meet anyone interesting at the beach today darling?"

from my lips. I swallowed hard and then I was gagging. I pulled away, I didn't want to but I would have choked if I hadn't.

After our first gobble Greg and I went back into the ballroom with me trying to act normal and stop myself grinning from ear to lug like a Cheshire Cat.

By this time Wilf was at the stupid stage and if Greg had been Santa Claus he wouldn't have been any the wiser. Anyway it ended up with Greg driving us both home.

Wilf really was out cold, a deadweight. Yet Greg carried him upstairs almost at the double. He was going to put him in the spare room but it must have been the devil in me that made dump him on the rug at the foot of the bed - my bed. I'll never forget lying on that bed, starkers and on my back as I watched Greg strip off. He's got a beautiful body with a lovely chest and strong, muscular arms and thighs with a belly as hard as a

dark really in that cupboard back at the hotel.

With a grunt of desire he leaned forward and started to suck on my nipples and my hands went to his head to pull him in closer. There was lust in my every pore and my eyes were riveted on his huge cock. I spread my thighs for I felt sure he was about to mount me. Instead,

wrapped it around his ebony shaft. My wetness was flowing as he rubbed the tip of his prick up and down my slit half a dozen times. Suddenly, he went still. I gasped as he guided the knob up between my cunt lips, he pulled out again, pushed it back in, pulled out, pushed in, I moaned, I could see my cunt open and close,



suddenly, he moved to one side and turned me over, urging me onto all fours and at once he had a hand between my thighs and a thick finger was slipped up my cunt. I was aware of his heavy breathing, and as he

I could see my own juices on that black cock, and then he lunged.

I cried out, "Uuugh... uuugh... uuugh," as the force of his entry rocked me forward onto my face and if Greg hadn't sunk his fingers into

my hips I would have been flat on the bed. Instead he held me up on my knees as he partially withdrew his cock ready for the next stroke. I met him halfway, lunging my bum backwards, almost greedily as his great body pounded down and up me. I felt his wonderful

cock lance up me. I loved everything about him, my Greg, my black stud, my rampant young lover with his horse's cock. It was a wild, savage fuck and we were as one and I met every one of his thrusts by bucking back up every time. I started

coming within a minute, a long series of sharp jolts shuddering through my insides. Still he fucked and fucked, he pawed my tits, he pulled my nipples, once his hand stroked my cheek and I opened my mouth and sucked his middle finger deep inside. I could smell myself on that finger, I could taste my own juice. I rolled about under him, my belly was on fire, there was a roaring in my head. I felt his hand go under my tummy, he pulled me up hard, he was fucking faster, harder, I went screaming into orgasm and then it happened to him too.

Everything else seemed to just fade away as though I was simply concentrating on what was happening deep inside my cunt, aware of his grunts behind me and of the hot spurts of thick slippery spunk filling my twat. I heard myself howling out my pleasure and I heard his own hoarse cries.

There was one last thrust, for a few seconds he was still

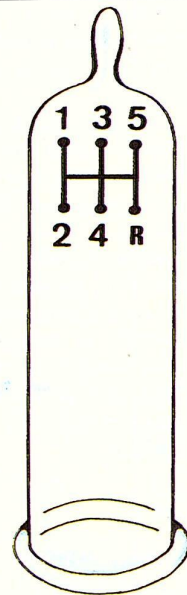
and then he was pulling away from me, out of me, there was a little plop as his knob slid out and his retreating cock was trailing a hot, sticky trail of sperm down the back of my right thigh. As he pulled away my own juices gushed from my pussy. I was swaying on my hands and knees, dizzy from the force of my orgasms and then he was by my side and I was in his arms, his strong black arms.

- E., Newcastle.

Sex Piston

I am a 20 year old student down at Bristol University and before I return there after my Christmas vacation I must tell you of how eventful 1992 has been for me up to now. My name is Ralph and where my folks live is I suppose one of Tyneside's more upmarket areas.

By far the largest house in our road is owned by the boss of a local factory and each New Year for some time now they have been in the habit of laying on a party mainly for neighbours at Hogmanay. You will appreciate I must alter names so for the purpose of my letter I shall call them Mr and Mrs Turner. They have a daughter in her mid 20's and I have lusted after Norma ever since I discovered my cock had a second duty to



perform.
Norma is a stunner, she's got
the lot, a real beauty with a

PUN-ILINGUS

Air male:

A bloke who's big on
blow-up dolls.

All fours:

The position a willing
woman assumes when
she sees a dog-eared sex
manual in her
boyfriend's flat.

Baize-ball:

Love on a snooker table.

Belly button:

The only button on a
birthday suit.

Blau job:

Getting sozzled in
Salzburg, tiddly in
Tyrol, beered in Berlin,
corked in Cologne, fried
in Frankfurt, high in
Heidelberg, lit in
Leipzig, stewed in
Stuttgart, or bottled in
Bonn.

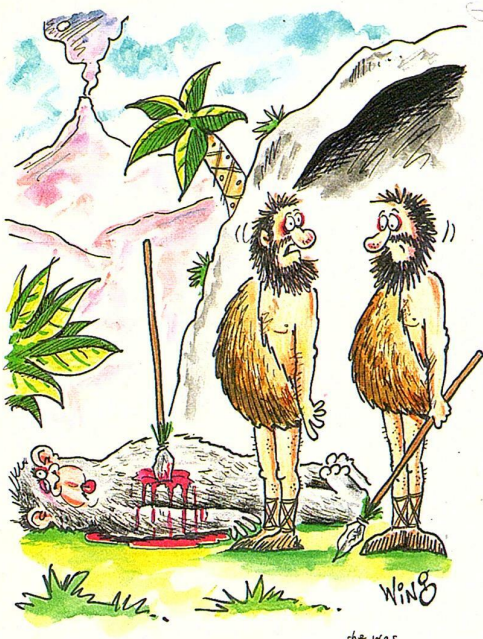
figure to drool over and
personality to go with it. But
though, as I say, I lusted and
desired the fair Norma I
always knew that she was
out of bounds to the likes of
me.

Two years ago, just before I
went off to Bristol, Norma got
herself married and in fact
from the wedding reception
until this New Year's Eve she
and I never met the once.
Maybe it was pure jealousy
but I thought at the time that
her husband was a bit of a
drip and to tell the truth
Norma herself didn't come
across as my picture of what
a radiant bride should look
like. Then I remember a
week or so later my dad
mentioning that Norma's
newly acquired father-in-law
was a major shareholder in
Mr Turner's firm and I thought
maybe there is the reason
why.

Anyway on New Year's Eve
my folks and I were invited
as usual to the Turner's party.
Norma and her husband
were there too. He was a
misery with a large capital M
with a look on his face
enough to turn the milk sour
and make the beer go flat.
Stand - that is his name,
never entered into any of



Stephanie

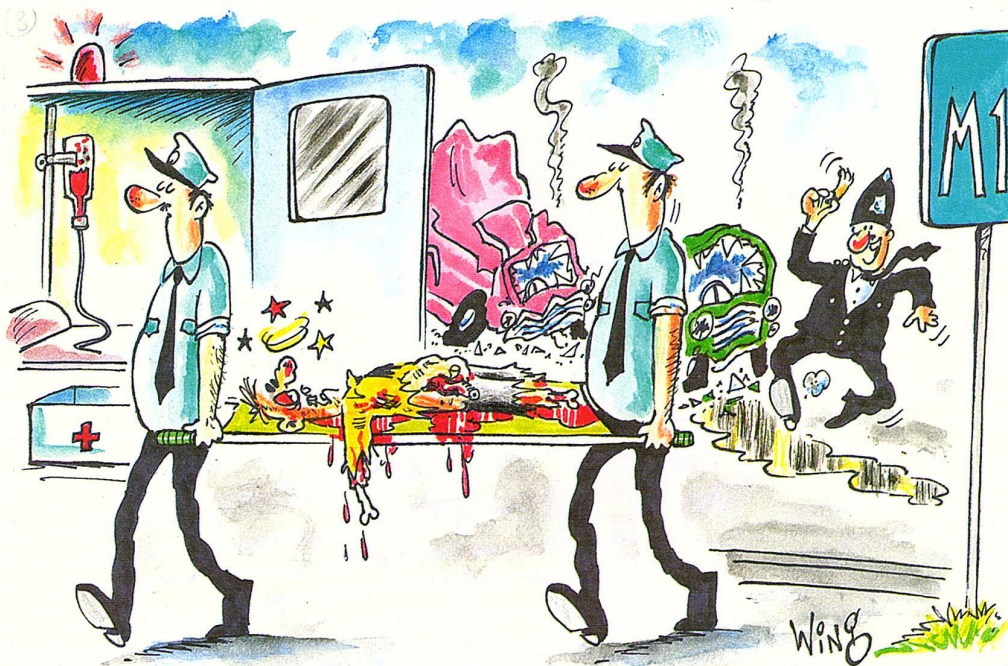


"How was I supposed to know she was your fuckin' mother-in-law!"



"Smoke trail my arse - the silly bugger's forgotten his bloody parachute!"

Laugh with Wing



"Don't forget your rabbit's foot!"

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the fun, never once took his turn in any game or singsong and never took his young wife onto the floor for a dance. He looked a snob through and through and gave the impression that he

was a cut above all the jollity and there was no way he would let his hair down and mix in with the hoy polloi. OK I have always worn my heart on my sleeve for Norma and maybe I was kidding myself but I am still

very sure that her lovely face lit up and a sudden twinkle came into her blue eyes when I asked her for a dance. She was super, her old self, vivacious, laughing at my jokes, genuinely interested in what I was doing. Hell the temptation to hold her close really got to me but with a husband in the offing what could I do?

Later she chose me as her partner in one of the games, there was a second dance and through it, all sulky, Stan sat all alone with a face like fiz and getting steadily slue'd on whisky. Then, some time later when I was having a breather from all the activities I overheard a couple of the women guests having a confidential 'heads-together'. Their subject was Norma and her husband. "How changed she was", 'What on earth does she see in him?', 'She used to be so happy, mark my words there'll be trouble there', 'She'll be getting herself a fancy man and who can blame her', 'He leaves her on her

own far too much', 'Serve him right if she does get another', 'She looks so unhappy the poor pet'. That brought a sniff and, 'Unhappy - frustration more like - some lucky bloke's gonna put the smile back on her face before too long'. How right they were.

The party went on, it got better, jollier, Norma and I had another dance, played another game, and then midnight and 1992 came along. We drank our toasts, Norma's was close by me,

we didn't kiss, but we were holding hands and her eyes were shining, and she and her husband didn't kiss either. I wonder how many others noticed that?

By two o'clock and people were starting to drift away. What happened around

remember glancing round the room, everyone but Stan up on their feet, he was sprawled over a settee - with another whisky in his hands.

For five minutes or more it was all hands to the pumps with me drying as she

TOUCH & GO

A WHEREABOUTS GUIDE TO YOUR PARTNER'S EROGENOUS ZONES FROM TOP TO TAIL.

1. Ears.
2. Eyelids.
3. Mouth.
4. Tongue.
5. Neck.
6. Nipples.
7. Armpits.
8. Spine.
9. Palms.
10. Fingertips.
11. Small of back.
12. Buttocks.
13. Anus.
14. Labia.
15. Clitoris.
16. Inner thighs.
17. Toes and soles of feet.



then was a 'fix'. I don't know how Norma contrived it but I'm very sure it was her doing. There was a call for help in the kitchen, there were dishes to wash and dry. "Let's pull the short straw's for it," someone suggested. I pulled one of them, two minutes later Norma was showing us the other and she was looking into my eyes with a look of pure innocence all over her face. So to a chorus of 'better you than me' and slow hand claps off we went. And I

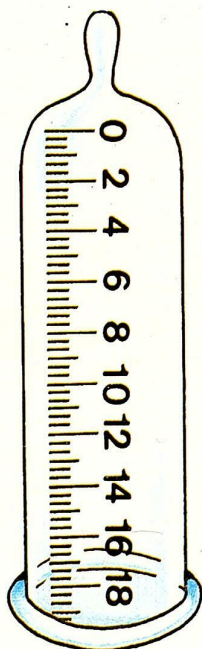
washed. I don't know how I kept my hands off her for suddenly she just seemed to ooze sex, maybe it was being so close together in a small room but her perfume, her very allure had me on the boil. Those pouting tits, those legs and thighs and that bum all poured into that tight little party dress.

Then the moment when I reached over her shoulder for a plate, she half turned her head and somehow her cheek was on mine, that lovely lipsticked mouth, the

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lower lip pouting, and her hand was in my hair and her mouth was open, for a second our lips brushed together, and she was moaning and turning. My mouth was hard on hers, she was moving my hands up to her breasts and as I felt their softness under my fingers, I felt her hand come between us and she was stroking my suddenly erect cock through my slacks. So much happened so quickly, we were facing each other and kissing hungrily and she was plastering her belly over my crotch. As quickly as it takes to write this her dress was up to her waist and she had her panties off and she gave a little jump and her arms were round my neck and my hands were

around eight inches and quite thick and as she wrapped her ankles over the small of my back she had one hand wrapped round my prick. "Big, thick, hard," I heard her gasp, "make it



buttocks and I rammed up all the way and started to fuck her.

It didn't last much more than two minutes but I was shaffing her like there was going to be no tomorrow and I'll gamble that within thirty seconds she was bucking onto my cock as she went into orgasm. I fucked her faster and faster, my hard on sliding in and out like a piston, she felt as hot as an oven, her head was back on her shoulders, her eyes shut tight, her mouth wide and loose. I felt the spunk boiling in my balls, I pushed her up against the door and fucked her even harder, she was almost clutching my prick with her cunt and as I began to jet my come into her I could feel more of her own juices on my belly and her teeth were biting my shoulder through my shirt as she fought to stifle her screams.

I gupled the air back into my lungs, she was still in my arms but now her feet had slid to

wonderful to see. She was gabbling a lot of nonsense and there was ecstasy in her voice. "Lovely, lovely, lovely, oh Ralph you will never know how I needed that, never so good before, so hard and big, oh Ralph I want more and more and more of this." And she was on her knees before me and my cock was in her hands and pulling me into her mouth and she was sucking and kissing and fondling my balls. I came up and up as hard and as thick as ever and she was standing up and taking her tits from her dress and pulling her dress to her waist and spreading her thighs and . . . there were voices from the passage: "Wonder how the dish washers are getting on, should be finished by now, let's check."

I saw the panic on Norma's face. Quick as a flash I was opening the outside door and bundling her through it. I gave her a hasty kiss, "You're getting some fresh air, OK Norma? Not to worry, come back when you're ready." She blew me a kiss and with a, "I still want some more darling," she was off only turning to wave her panties at me.

She did get some more. I must have fucked her upwards of fifty times over the last ten days. It started the next morning. The phone rang. "I love you," were her very first words, "I'm after some more Ralph. . . it was lovely last night and I want you to give me lots and lots of the same."

Her husband was playing golf in the afternoon. "Then it'll be the clubhouse bar for ages and ages . . . I'll be in a lacy black nightie and negligee . . . love you."

JOKER

How can you tell if your Bloody Mary is home made?
There's pubic hair in it!
(Humm. That's nice - Ed).

What do you get if you let an elephant walk across your lounge?
A thick pile on the carpet.

JOKER

She has been almost insatiable, I'm not exactly knackered but a rest from pussy for a few days won't come amiss. Last night we screwed together many, many times on a huge king-sized bed in an oldie-worldie hotel out in the country. And her final words to me as she lay snug and warm in my arms, "I'm so happy darling, so very, very happy . . ." and a long pause before she was kissing me and through the kiss whispering, "I'm not on the pill you know," and the love that shone in her eyes was beautiful. - Ralph, Newcastle.

Drivin' Miss Daisy

Most jobs have their perks. When I tell folk that I hold an H.G.V. licence and as a consequence spend most of my days on long hauls to all parts of the U.K. and Europe, those same folk assume (rightly I admit in some cases) that I am forever picking up dolly bird hitchhikers only too willing to drop their panties as a thank you for giving them lift from A to B.

It happens, of course it does, any of my mates would tell you the same but it is a happening blown up out of all proportion to the fact. And nowadays even when it does, the thought of AIDS is lurking there at the back of

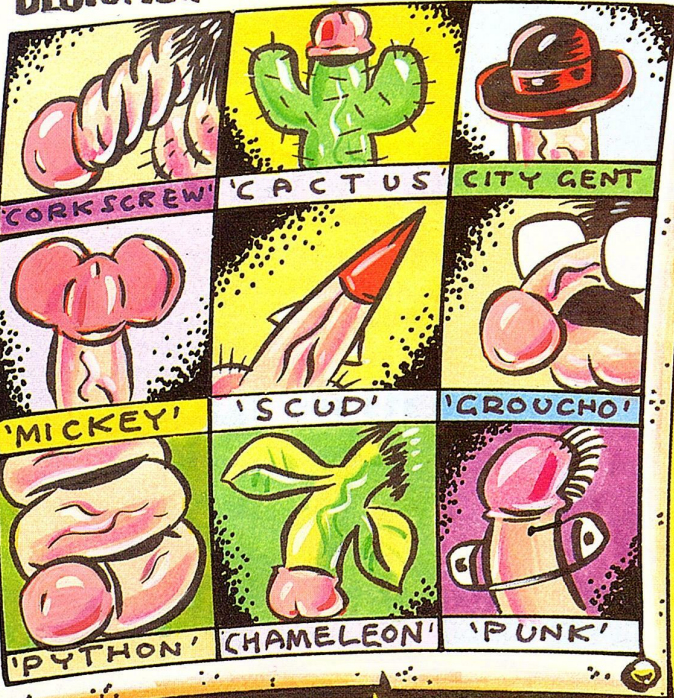


under her bum and I was lifting her and somehow pulling my zip down and my cock out all in one moment. My erection was between her upper thighs, I have

quick Ralph, quick and good" and she had my knob at her cunt and I could feel her wetness. I was between the lips of her twat, I tightened my hold on her

the floor, she was twitching and moaning and making little gooey sounds of happiness. She was looking up at me and the joy in her face, especially her eyes was

DESIGNER PENIS CHART



CHINESE CHOPPER-STICKS
Chinese sex specialist Chen Kai introduced a machine to help Chinese men with the problems of impotence and premature ejaculation. These, he explained, stem from the lack of privacy in overcrowded Chinese homes, and traditional modesty that requires the sex act to be performed quickly and with minimal signs of pleasure. His therapy involves patients inserting their penises into his machine, where they are bathed in medicine and stimulated with intercourse-like sensations.

PERVES CORNER
Dayton police were reported to be searching for a man described as "middle-aged" and "flabby," who had gained entry to various all-female groups, including a women's college, by claiming he was a freelance male stripper. Once

inside he had taken off his clothes, covered himself with baby lotion and fondled himself in front of the women present.

"Devout Christian
fundamentalist" William Dodson, a dentist of Monterey, California, was arrested when his staff found he had installed a two-way mirror between a storeroom and their toilet.

WEIRDOS OF THE MONTH
Indiana University doctors attributed a patient's anaemia to his having swallowed 80 quarters and \$1.32 in other change. He believed it was necessary: "to prevent a gun in his stomach from firing."

Donald Eugene Morris, 33, walked into a workshop at Appalachian State University in Boone, North Carolina, sawed off his hand with a circular saw, placed it in a cabinet and warned stunned students not to look at it

your mind. So to my most recent 'pick-up', the spur I suppose for writing this to you now. First of all my name is Marty, I am 33, a bachelor (this isn't a job for married men) and I'm coloured. Caribbean seems to be the in-word at the moment for describing men like me.

This happened in Llandudno a week or two back. I'd brought a consignment of steel angles down from

China, for stealing 29 Buddhist statues. They were said to have used them in ceremonies to pray for good luck before playing video games.

SPORTING BEHAVIOUR
In the presence of 40,000 fans and a 200-strong police escort, Miss Colombia, Maria Teresa Egurola, got ready to kick the first ball of the new football season, handing her purse to a bystander to hold for her. He stole it.

WET KNICKERS
"Beginning in the winter of 1938, Dr Ewing and his associates, working on the deep-sea research vessel

Glasgow, completed the off-loading and parked 'Daisy' - that's the name I have painted on my truck - for the night. I had already made up my mind to kip down in Daisy for the night - that's another perk - put your lodgings allowance in your back pocket and up yours mate to the taxman at the same time.

I'd had myself a meal and then went to this pub in Tudno Street for a pint. It wasn't all that busy so I was sat minding my own business over a jar and a crossword in a quiet corner of the lounge. The few folk in the pub were friendly - both staff and customers - a nod and a 'howdjerdo' - which is all a stranger in a new place is looking for.

I was on my second glass when this couple came in, father and daughter by the looks of them for he was well into his 60s and she was a deal younger than me. They looked around, saw me and gave me a sociable smile, she sat down at a table a short distance from me whilst Daddy went to the bar for their drinks. Daughter smiled across at me, I smiled back -

she was a beauty, chic, glamorous, a redhead, lovely green eyes, nicely made up, varnished nails, pearls (I think) at her throat. She looked over at me a second time, another nod and a smile but this time more lingering, she stood up and went through the motions of taking off her coat. I wasn't born yesterday so I played the 'gallant' and got a radiant

smile as I eased the coat from her shoulders. Man, but the dress under that coat and the figure inside the dress had me whistling through my teeth and with it was an old familiar stirring in my loins.

Her 'Thank you' was in a lovely Welsh tilt and her hand was on mine as she was asked, "May my husband and I share your table with you... we come

TODGER BODGER

MIAMI COSMETIC SURGEON RICARDO SAMTIER (KNOWN AS "DR LIPS") HAS BEGUN TO PERFORM \$2,000 DESIGNER PENIS OPERATIONS TO ADD THICKNESS BUT NOT LENGTH. SAMTIER SAYS HE INJECTS FAT THEN MOULDS IT: "INTO THE SHAPE WE WANT." HE EXPLAINS THAT SOME MEN HAVE THE OPERATION: "TO LOOK FULLER INSIDE THEIR CLOTHES," AND OTHERS SO THAT THEIR WIVES DO NOT HAVE TO UNDERGO: "VAGINA REDUCTION SURGERY." HE CLAIMS THAT DOCTORS WHO OPPOSE HIS TECHNIQUES PROBABLY HAVE: "DEEP-DOWN INSECURITY ABOUT THE SIZE OF THEIR PENISES."

because it bore the mark of the devil. Surgeons re-attached it a few hours later.

Former Soviet chess star Viktor Korchnoi, now resident in Switzerland, claims he has been playing the dead grandmaster Geza Maroczy through a medium since 1984. Korchnoi says he's in the lead.

CHINESE TAKE AWAY
Five children aged 8 to 14 were arrested in Hsinchu,

Atlantis, began to experiment with underwear photography." (New York Times).

OOPS!
In Hallandale, Florida, firemen who rushed to answer an emergency call left a saucepan of cooking oil on the station stove, resulting in a fire that caused \$10,000-worth of damage and closed the station for a fortnight. It would have been worse had not a neighbour broken a window and doused the blaze with his home fire extinguisher.

Weirdsville
METROPOLIS

L.A.

confidential

L.A., home of Hollywood, the movie business and scandal. Over the years, the big studios have done their best to conceal the worst from film fans, but you can't hide the truth forever. In this series, MICHAEL MUNN turns over a few stones to get at the real dirt behind those Hollywood legends . . .

• Joan Crawford •

Swinging both ways on her broomstick

Famed film director Robert Aldrich once gave me some very good though irrelevant advice; "Never sleep with your leading lady." He then told me how he had the chance to sleep with one of his most legendary leading ladies, Joan Crawford. That he didn't fall into Crawford's bed stood him in good stead with Bette Davies when he came to direct them

Bette; sent her flowers all the time, little gifts – I don't know what Bette thought of it all, but I'm sure Joan was interested in Bette sexually as well as professionally."

When news broke of the Crawford-Davis partnership in *Baby Jane*, one Hollywood director was heard to say, "Maybe Joan likes to swing both ways. Since she can't

"She was willing to take her clothes off and perform in at least one of his movies."

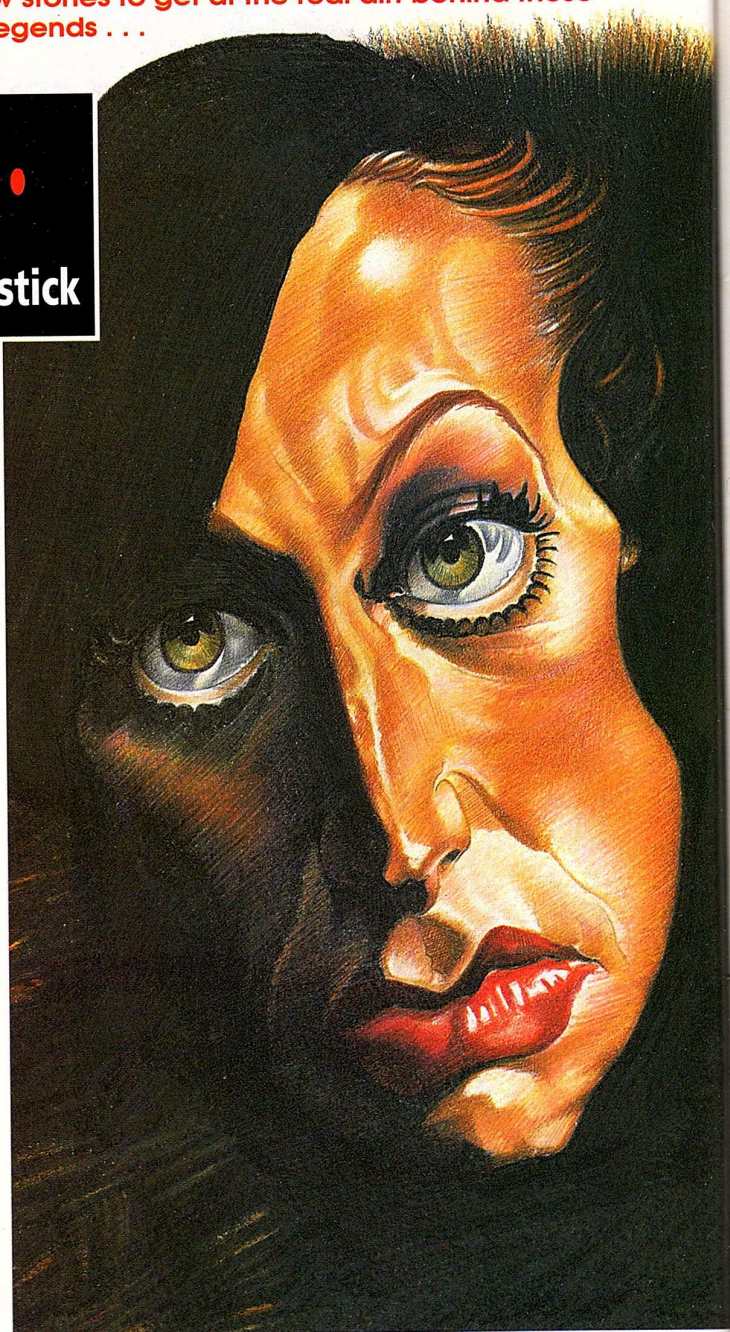
both in that classic, *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?*

"Davis asked me if I had slept with Joan," he told me. "I told her I hadn't – not that I didn't have the chance. 'Good,' said Bette."

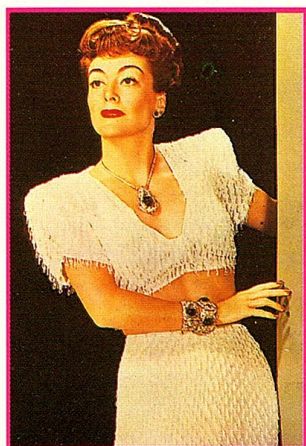
Aldrich laughed and added, "Often, after we began filming, I wanted to ask Bette if she had slept with Crawford. You know, Joan had some passionate affairs with men like Gable and Fairbanks Junior, but she liked women as well. At the beginning of filming it seemed to me she had a thing about

dominate Davies on the screen, she'll try to do it in bed. She tried to conquer Garbo. I'm not so sure Joan's a lesbian, but I'm positive she needs loving and touching and attention and applause – from a man or a woman."

Joan certainly knew how to get attention and applause, learning at a young age what men liked while working in strip joints, making porno movies and doing a little hooking on the side. She was never a great beauty, even when young, but she oozed sex and men loved her. Even her



second step-father tried to get between her sheets, helping to make her sad childhood even more miserable. Her unhappy



early years gave her a relatively short-cut to carnal knowledge, and her mother seemed very much responsible for this.

Joan had little regard for her mother. "She was a nagging bitch," she said. What mother seemed to nag about the most was for Joan to stop worrying about school and help her in her laundry business while her first step-father (her real father had left home before she was born) encouraged her to get an education. Finally, mother and step-father separated and mother took up with another man who attempted to seduce his new step-daughter. Crawford said that she never told her mother

but thought that she must have known. "She was no fool," said Crawford.

The family moved to Kansas City where the teenaged Crawford decided to go on to Chicago to become a dancer and said she would do anything to earn enough for the train fare. So she made use of a steamy relationship she enjoyed with a character known only by the initials E.S. He made his living selling dope, bootleg booze and porno films, and she was willing to take her clothes off and perform in at least one of his movies.

There has always been speculation about her brief

images of the studio's stars squeaky clean.

During his later years, Strickling met with writer Sam Marx to discuss a book about Strickling's life and career. The book was never written but Marx, in his book *Deadly Illusions*, related how he asked the former publicist to give away some of his secrets, and in particular asked about Joan Crawford.

"You mean those pornographic movies she did?" said Strickling, "the ones we had to buy up? Listen, it was my job to make all those people adorable and I did it. I spent my whole life inventing cover-ups, hiding everything from spitting on the sidewalks to murder." But he refused to elaborate any further.

There is further evidence of Crawford's porno flicks in Kenneth Anger's second volume of tacky tales, *Hollywood Babylon II*, in which he published film frame blow-ups clearly showing a full frontal Joan Crawford. He also published a photograph of Crawford, her breasts exposed, with a girl on top of her. The picture is aptly captioned 'Bosom Buddies'.

Another story concerning the porno movies is told in the book *Crawford's Men*, by Jane Ellen Wayne. Journalist Robert Slatzer was at a Hollywood party some time during the late Thirties, when a friend pointed out Joan Crawford. Slatzer mentioned that he had seen her dancing nude in a film back in Ohio. He assumed that Crawford's early illegitimate film career was common knowledge, and probably it was, but it was not something anyone dared speak of.

A little while later, Slatzer noticed the party guests part "like the Red Sea" and through them strode Joan Crawford towards him.

"Are you the newspaperman from Ohio?" she hissed.

"Yes."

"You're the one spreading the story about a film you saw in Ohio?"

He nodded.



career in porn - she always denied ever making any. However, in 1939, on her wedding night to her second husband, Franchot Tone, she received an anonymous telephone call from a blackmailer who claimed he possessed a pornographic film featuring her. She told Tone that she had received similar calls before and, according to her account, she told the caller to get in touch with Louis B. Mayer, head of MGM. The tale she tells would infer that she was calling the blackmailer's bluff as she always insisted she never made a sex film. However, it is more likely that she contacted Mayer herself who handed the matter over to Howard Strickling, head of MGM's publicity department whose job was to keep the

"From now on," she said, "keep your fucking mouth shut!"

With the money she earned from making those movies, she bought the train journey to Chicago where, for a while, she earned a living bumping and grinding in a strip joint.

"Smile at the customers and dance up a storm," her employer told her. "The men are only interested in your body anyway."

"Do I have to . . ."

"That's up to you. Some girls do and some don't."

She quickly learned what held the customer's attention and "turned them on." While in Chicago she caught VD and had her first abortion.

She moved on to Detroit and was spotted by a Broadway producer who put her in the chorus of a New York show where she was subsequently spotted by an MGM talent scout, leading to her contract at that studio in 1925.

She married Douglas Fairbanks Junior and had a long and passionate affair with Clark Gable, but throughout her life she was drawn to women. Insiders knew that she was attracted to the great Greta Garbo when they were among the all-star cast for *Grand Hotel*. Unfortunately, the two screen queens shared no scenes together. Crawford did admit that although she had been forbidden to meet with Garbo, who always demanded total privacy, she did seek her out. Garbo took Crawford's face in her hand and said, "What a pity! Our first picture together, and we don't work with each other. I am so sorry. You have a marvelous face." Garbo had lesbian tendencies herself. Louise Brooks told author John Kobal that Garbo once made a pass at her.

Crawford was aroused by her encounter with Garbo and said, "If ever there was a time in my life when I might have become a lesbian, that was it."

That she denied ever being a lesbian, or a porno star, is probably more to do with keeping the 'Joan Crawford

Image' which was so important to her and her fans. Yet during the Forties Crawford became enamoured of Bette Davis. It was an unrequited love.

In her adopted daughter's

"I knew about my mother's lesbian proclivities," wrote Christina, "and this only added to what I had already figured out for myself."

In 1948 Marilyn Monroe

In 1948 Marilyn Monroe became the object of Crawford's desire

memoir *Mommie Dearest*, which made Crawford out to be the Wicked Witch of the West Coast, Christina Crawford wrote that her mother pestered a hired female nurse to sleep with her.

became the object of Crawford's desire when they met at a Hollywood party. Joan took it upon herself to give Monroe tips on how to dress properly and, at Crawford's

house, she laid out several of her own dresses on the bed for Monroe to try on. Crawford's motivation was to get Monroe out of her clothes. She clearly enjoyed seeing her female friends in various states of undress.

She had previously tried this approach with a well-known authoress. Crawford had told the writer that she was wearing the wrong colour and took out several dresses from her wardrobe for her guest to try on. The writer felt uneasy about it. "I had the feeling she wanted to





see me undressed," she said. "There was something about her eyes. I wasn't upset or embarrassed or shocked. I just knew I had to get out of her apartment."

She thanked Crawford for showing her the dresses and said that a friend was picking her up shortly.

"But these are designer dresses," snapped Crawford.

"I don't feel right about it."

"But I'm giving them to you. Try them on, goddam it!"

It was a favourite approach of Crawford's that clearly had its moments of failure. But it did help her to develop a friendship with Monore. When Crawford, slightly drunk and shamelessly uninhibited, finally made a pass at a shocked Monroe, who had failed to recognise Crawford's previous overtures, their relationship came to an abrupt end.

affair with Ethel Merman, but when Merman locked Susann out of her home, Susann wailed "Ethel, I love you! I love you!" Merman called the police and Susann was taken to a sanitarium suffering from a nervous breakdown.

In Crawford's *Men*, Jane Emma Wayne wrote that a well-known actress and long-time friend of Crawford's who preferred not to be identified said that Crawford and Susann had an 'unusual relationship.'

"It was a love-hate thing. They were very much alike. They spoke the same language, drank too much, and loved gossip. They were suspected of lesbianism, although Jackie's love affairs with women were fairly well known in the inner circles."

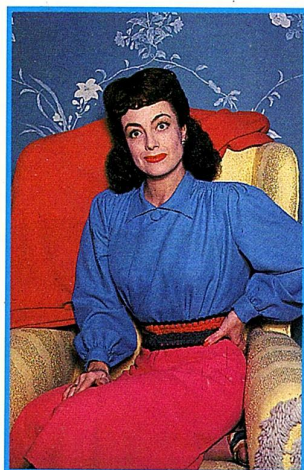
In 1973 Susann outraged and mystified Crawford by saying, "Ethel Merman is a lady and a philanthropist compared to Joan. If I had known Joan when I was writing *Valley of the Dolls*, Helen Lawson would have been a monster."

Their friendship suddenly ended and in 1974 Jackie died.

Joan Crawford never admitted to taking part in lesbian activities, but then she also denied making porno movies. She did concede, when talking about Bette Davis's affair with Howard Hughes, that bisexuality was common in Hollywood.

"Bette went to bed with Howard Hughes, to name one. She said he couldn't get it up with anyone else, but that's because he couldn't decide which he liked better - men or women. This is common in Hollywood, and I would say just about everyone tried it once. Maybe you'd label it bisexual, but I would not."

That she refused to give a label to the enjoyment of both sexes was perhaps a refusal to be labelled herself. There is no doubt that she enjoyed men more than she did women, but the fact remains that the Wicked Witch of the West Coast enjoyed swinging both ways on her Beverly Hills broomstick.



During the last ten years of her life, Crawford seemed to prefer the company of women and couples rather than single men. Among these friends were novelist Jacqueline Susann and her husband Irving Mansfield. Susann had been in love with actress Carole Landis in 1945, according to Barbara Seaman's biography of Susann, *Lovely Me*, and delighted in telling her girlfriends how sensual it was when she and Landis stroked and kissed each other's breasts. Susann later had a passionate

the real thing... bet you'd love that, eh Marty?" And as she walked out of the room the wink she gave me was sinful.

Neither of us spoke for what seemed an age then he said in a loud whisper, "This's my Win's birthday Marty, heh, heh, you could give her the best birthday present she's ever had, you know what I mean don't you Marty... a nice bit of how's-ye-father!" He added with a drunken chuckle, "A nice bit of black how's-ye-father... she'd love it Marty boyo... here she is."

She was wearing a short kimono and very high heels. She came into the room and did a twirl before me then humming a bar from 'The Stripper' let the kimono fall to her feet. Man she was all but naked. The bikini top was miniscule, the bottom part a mere thong and nothing more than a cord between the cheeks of her bum. Her cunt was just covered.

Win was maybe a foot in front of me and swaying on those gorgeous legs. She slowly put her hands at her back and then in a quick movement threw the bra top away. They were beautiful - very firm and the nipples engorged - I reached up for them, she shook her head and swayed away, I heard David guffaw. She put a hand on her right hip, another twirl and off came the thong... she spun round, I could see her cunt, the lips pink and glistening, she seemed to tumble and she was on my knees with an arm round my neck. David laughed loudly, drunkenly. His wife pulled my face down to hers and began to kiss me, her mouth open, the lips slack, her tongue probed. Her other hand was at my shirt and still kissing me, opened it to the waist and pulled it from my jeans. Still she kissed me, she was tugging at my belt, I could feel my erection start to grow, in seconds it was at full stand.

There must have been some form of telepathy working between us, maybe even the three of us. There was a

L e e



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here often... it's our favourite corner." Once more I did my 'galant' bit and all the time thinking, 'Hell - it's husband and wife - he's got to be forty years older'. Then the husband came over with their drinks and she beckoned him over with: "This nice young man is

brown, the nipples pink and sprouting and asking almost to be lifted out and handled and fondled. She was grinning from ear to ear and blew me a saucy kiss. Then she went over to her husband's glass, bending from the waist. The hem of that dress inched up and up, her stockings were seamed,



going to share our seat with us... isn't that sweet of him?" We got on like a house on fire. She was Win, he was David, it was her birthday, she was 24 and they'd been out for dinner to celebrate. Oh yes, they'd been married three years, and were just back from a fortnight in Florida - "That explains your lovely tan, Win," I told her. He got the rounds in twice - he wouldn't let me: "We're still celebrating, Marty." More talk about the holiday. He joked about some of Win's bikinis: "Outrageous - nothing at all - you'd have loved them Marty." I laughed, "I just bet I would." I was invited back to their home for supper, I protested, they insisted, I accepted. They were twenty minutes walk away, a bungalow with all mod cons and furnishings spot on. Supper was smashing, she cleared away and then served up drinks. Still in that little black dress, she leaned low over me as she refilled my glass. I ogled her tits. I swore under my breath and her eyes were twinkling; at some stage she'd slipped off her bra. They were firm, a golden

those grip-top ones, the thighs were golden, a hint of lacy panties and for the first time I was aware of the blood thickening my cock. "Darling be a pet, let Marty see your holiday snaps." She went to a cabinet and came

a series of bikinis and very sexy one-piece swimsuits. Her figure was fabulous, faultless and in some she may just as well have been nude. I praised them, there's things you want to say but not with a husband present. And her eyes were teasing me all the time.

I handed them back to her saying something tamely complimentary. David was speaking again, a pronounced slur in his voice and nodding to the packet Win hadn't shown me: "What about those ones darling... which are they?" She stammered but I'm sure it was put on: "Er... they're the ones darling... you know... when I... when I'm..." He laughed, "You mean when you're starkers... your nudie ones... go on, Marty'd love 'em... go on Win."

There were about a dozen and in each she was starkers, flaunting breasts that didn't require a bra, gorgeously rounded thighs, a flat tummy, lovely, long shapely legs and a cunt that was completely shaven. I wasn't



WELL, I Never Did!

In some Muslim societies, specialists are employed to deflower virgins of either sex. Occasionally, the event is carried out in public.

The Mangias of central Africa don't eat fish because the smell is apparently reminiscent of genitals...can't say as I've ever noticed...

According to research by Kinsey, some men may be able to reach orgasm simply by having

their breasts stimulated.

In the early 1980s, the Criminal Court of Kuwait ruled that it was a criminal offence to kiss in public.

There is no Japanese equivalent for the word 'kiss'.

Up until 1984 in Granada, Spain, men could take part in an all male game of Bingo where the prizes were the services of sixteen young women. Then the police called "House!"

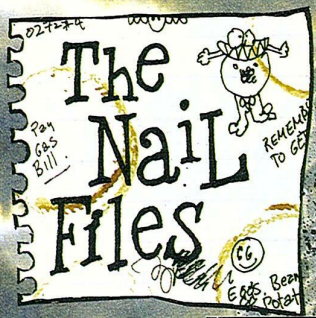
Casanova not only lost his virginity at the age of 11, but had enjoyed his first menage a trois at the age of 17.

back with three or four packets of photos, she held on to one and gave the rest to me. They were all of her in

so reserved this time, I've got red blood in my veins and she was sex personified. I heard David chortle almost:

"There, told you that Marty'd love them... he'll be blowing a fuse any minute now." He laughed louder. He was

whispering something to her and then to me he said: "I'm telling Win to slip into one of her bikinis and let you see



I'D BEEN HAVING THIS PROBLEM: IN THE RARE INSTANCES WHERE I'VE MANAGED TO GET A HARD-ON AND EVEN RARER INSTANCES WHERE I'VE MANAGED TO PULL A BIRD, NOTHING'S HAPPENED.

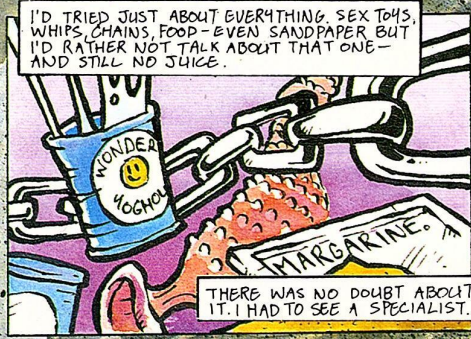


WELL, IT HAS, BUT NOT AS I'D INTENDED.

Z Z Z Z Z...



Y'SEE, I'D BE PUMPING AWAY FOR AGES AND STILL NOT SQUIRT.



I'D TRIED JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING. SEX TOYS, WHIPS, CHAINS, FOOD-EVEN SANDPAPER BUT I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT THAT ONE- AND STILL NO JUICE.

THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. I HAD TO SEE A SPECIALIST.

NOW THERE'S A QUESTION FOR YOU.

HOW DO YOU DISCUSS THIS WITHOUT EMBARRASSMENT?

(AND DON'T GIVE ME THAT CRAP ABOUT THEM BEING PROFESSIONAL. I KNOW A LOT OF THESE TYPES. THEY ALL GET PISSED UP AND LAUGH ABOUT IT LATER ON.)



... ONLY TWO INCHES!

A-HO-HO
A-HO-HO
A-HO-HO

NEVERTHELESS, I MANAGED TO FIND THE COURAGE AT THE BOTTOM OF A SCOTCH BOTTLE. AND WENT TO THE NEAREST CLINIC.

AND I STILL COULDN'T TALK ABOUT IT. I WROTE IT DOWN AND GAVE THE NOTE TO THE DOCTOR.

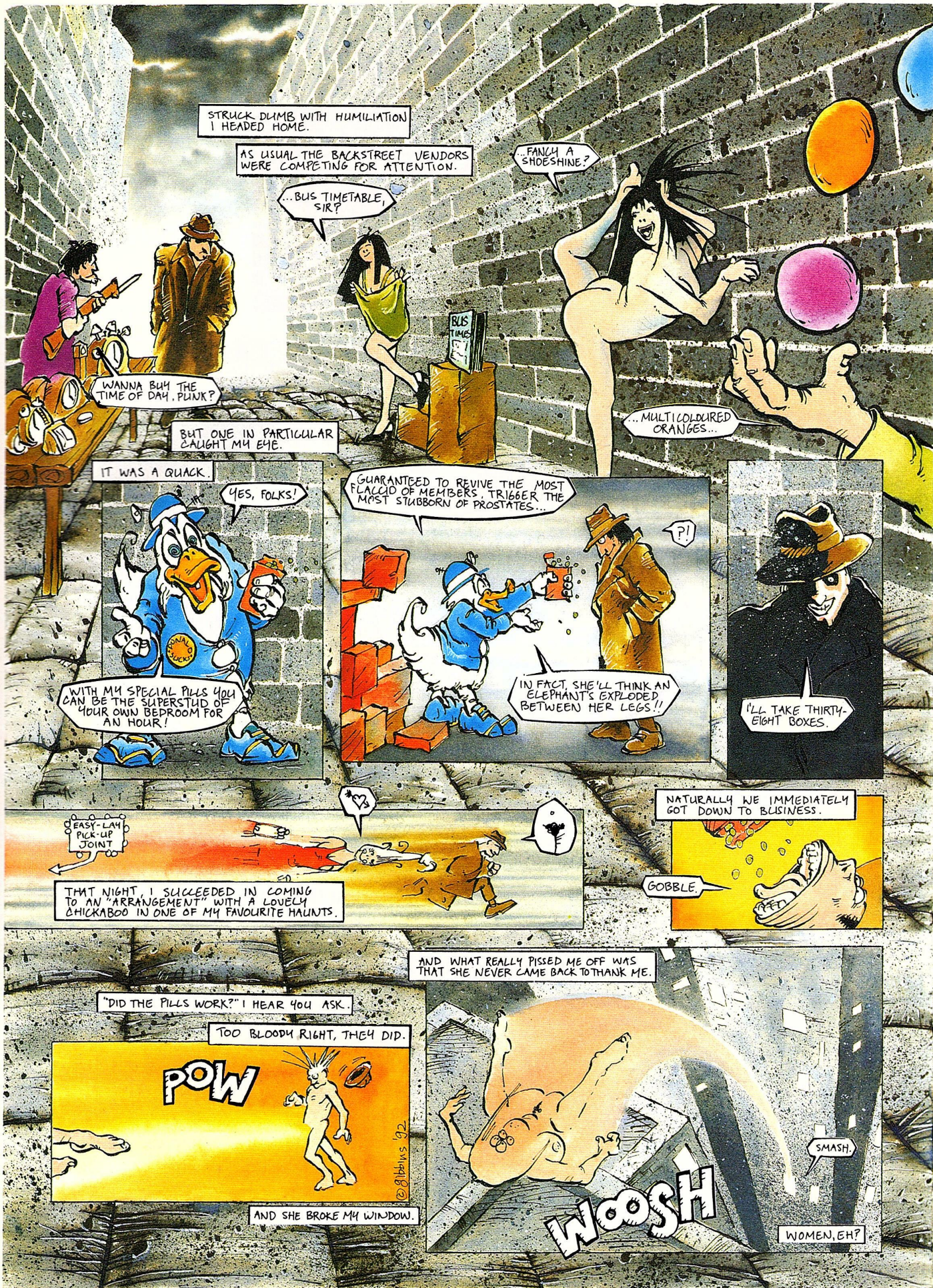
"DISCRETION ASSURED," SAID THEIR AD.

I HAD MY DOUBTS ABOUT THAT.



SUPERMARKET'S NEXT DOOR, SON.

SHIT. I'D GIVEN HIM MY SHOPPING LIST.



STRUCK DUMB, WITH HUMILIATION
I HEADED HOME.

AS USUAL THE BACKSTREET VENDORS
WERE COMPETING FOR ATTENTION.

...BUS TIMETABLE,
SIR?

...FANCY A
SHOESHINE?

WANNA BUY THE
TIME OF DAY, PUNK?

BUT ONE IN PARTICULAR
CAUGHT MY EYE.

IT WAS A QUACK.

YES, FOLKS!

GUARANTEED TO REVIVE THE MOST
FLACCID OF MEMBERS. TRIGGER THE
MOST STUBBORN OF PROSTATES...

WITH MY SPECIAL PILLS YOU
CAN BE THE SUPERSTUD OF
YOUR OWN BEDROOM FOR
AN HOUR!

IN FACT, SHE'LL THINK AN
ELEPHANT'S EXPLODED
BETWEEN HER LEGS!!

I'LL TAKE THIRTY-
EIGHT BOXES.

EASY-LAY
PICK-UP
JOINT

THAT NIGHT, I SUCCEEDED IN COMING
TO AN "ARRANGEMENT" WITH A LOVELY
CHICKABOO IN ONE OF MY FAVOURITE HAUNTS.

NATURALLY WE IMMEDIATELY
GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS.

GOBBLE

AND WHAT REALLY PISSED ME OFF WAS
THAT SHE NEVER CAME BACK TO THANK ME.

"DID THE PILLS WORK?" I HEAR YOU ASK.

TOO BLOODY RIGHT, THEY DID.

POW

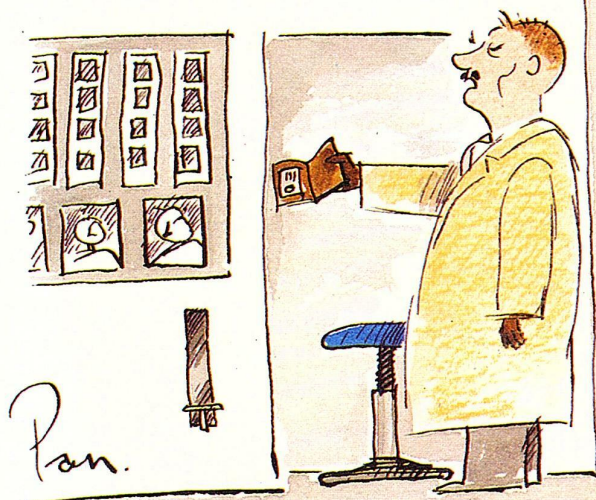
AND SHE BROKE MY WINDOW.

WOOSH

SMASH.

WOMEN, EH?

PHOTOGRAPHS



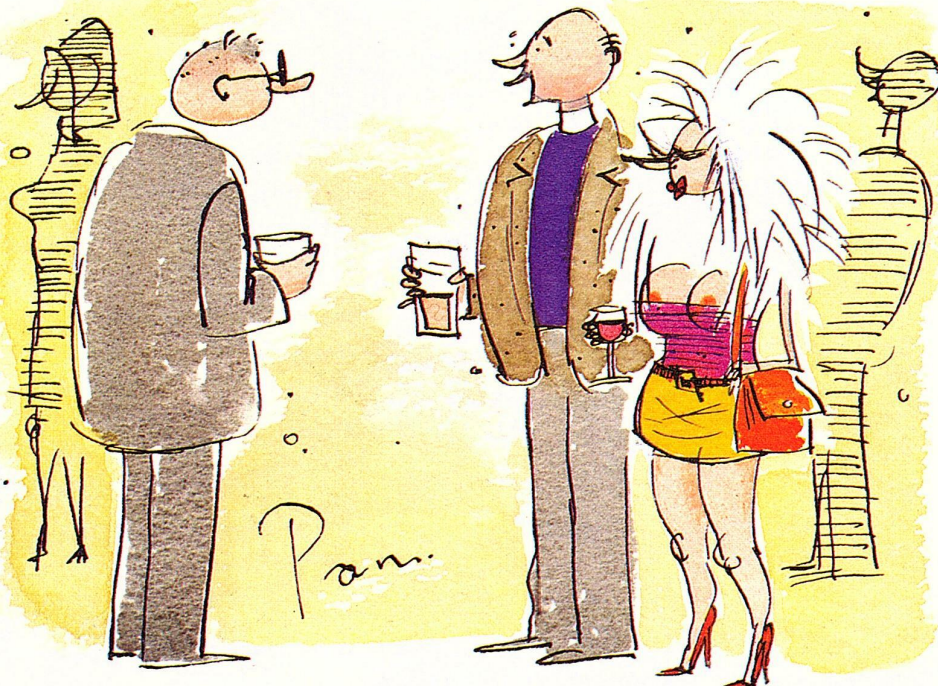
"...arrest you under the Obscene Photographs Act of..."



"You're in luck ! I specialize in quickies !"

Laugh with

Pan.



"...and in our own ways, we both love mankind."

Problems are something we've all got. Yes, even the Knave team have the occasional worry. Usually we panic about whether or not those Gucci loafers match that Armani suit. Sometimes we even ask our fave problem solver, BETTE NOIR for advice. And this little page is where she hands it out...

What's YOUR PROBLEM?

Q: I've been wondering if it's actually harmful for a woman if she doesn't come after she's aroused. The one I've been having sex with doesn't seem to mind if she doesn't have an orgasm a lot of the time - S.P., Co. Clare.

A: I admit, it wouldn't put ME in a great mood, but people differ. We do have our own version of 'blue balls', as it happens. Some of us, anyway. Because all that blood is rushing to our pelvis and our labial lips swell like your cock does. In a sense, if orgasm doesn't follow, the blood takes a while to be reabsorbed, which can make some of us feel uncomfortable. Pelvic congestion, if you want to put a name to it. If she really doesn't mind, then there you are. If she does, try bringing her off with your mouth or your hands or anything else.

Q: I am not circumcised. I have pain during sex, especially at the beginning of my movements. I also have some trouble in pulling back my foreskin. Are these conditions related? Should I get circumcised? - L.L., Bradford.

A: Easy, easy! That may not be necessary. Check with your GP - have him refer you to a urologist, for a look. If the problem is an

infection, then a course of antibiotics may correct things. Simple? Simple. Only if it's discovered that there's another problem should you consider "the cut".

Q: A question for trivial pursuits, please: how many times a week does the average live-in or married couple have sex? - Paul W. Hornsby.

A: You'd have to ask "an average couple". Statistics like that always worry me - they take on the status of set standards, and if you don't match, you begin to wonder. The proper answer is, "whatever they all find fulfilling"! Still (sigh), if you insist: in your twenties? You're likely to hit the sack (or the kitchen table or the rug or the shower...) four to six or more times a week. Thirtysomething? Two to three times a week; less if you're over that. There's one hell of a lot of variation in all of that, and no couple is really typical. So forget you read this!

Q: It takes me a long time to come when my wife and I make love (we have a great relationship, and she's very sexy, so it isn't that). I also have difficulty coming when she gives me oral sex. But a good wank and I can come in no time! What's wrong with me? I am in good health. - Eric T., Colchester.

A: Nothing's wrong, my friend. It's pretty clear that you just need the proper handling - more, er, rough than anything other than your own hand has been giving. After all, who knows best how to give you exactly the kind of stimulation you need?

That includes another's mouth or hands or toes or cheeks or whatever. A lot of people can get more intense climaxes from masturbation than from fucking.

So. A little re-education should work wonders. You've got to show your wife what you need; what kind of touch, how firm, what speed or movements that really get you going... or coming. She can also combine oral and manual sex. And don't worry about how long it takes; keeping your mind on your stopwatch only short-circuits success. Just lie back and feel the quality!

Q: Can a woman have an orgasm while she's dreaming? I've known a few who say that they do, but I don't see how that's possible, which makes me wonder if they've been faking whilst they're awake! Information please. - M. J., Glasgow.

A: Why would she

want to? Fake it, I mean, and interrupt her own sleep? What for?

Yes, my pet, some women can (aren't they lucky?) - so can some men. With the brain being the biggest sex organ around, it performs while we're asleep as well as awake, why shouldn't the body respond (remind me to tell you about this Patrick

Swayze dream I had last Tuesday...)? Ask your ladies to tell you what those men did in their dreams to get them seeing stars - take notes! Better yet, you could always copy 'em down for Penpower!

With a lot of the inhibitions that real waking life can produce, there are some pretty hot fantasies to take advantage of.

Q: I'm going to be a father. We're both delighted, but because my wife has herpes and suffers from it occasionally, what will happen during the delivery? - J.K., Wimbledon.

A: Check with your doctor. Your wife has a two out of three chance of a normal delivery. A Caesarian section is justified only when the herpes virus is present in the birth canal. She should get a culture test and a cervical smear. Her obstetrician does know, right? In the meantime, congratulations.

BEDRO

Myths

Of course, you're pretty knowledgeable about sex, and, of course, so am I. It's kind of a special interest of ours, isn't it? And it's definitely not an area where we'd want to admit to ingorance.

Now, there are certain things that "everybody knows" about sex. For example, everybody knows that Errol Flynn had an enormous penis. Everybody knows that Clara Bow took on the entire University of Southern California football team, a team that included John Wayne, and which was nicknamed The Thundering Herd. Everybody also knows about Fatty Arbuckle and the Coke bottle, about Catherine the Great and the horse, and about Mick Jagger, Marianne Faithfull and the Mars Bar. And surely everybody knows that the Marquis de Sade was a sadist.

In fact there are good reasons to doubt all the above.

The question of Errol Flynn and his penis is a particularly tricky one. Earl Conrad, who was ghost writer on Flynn's autobiography, says that he and Errol had been out drinking once and stopped at the roadside for a pee. After they'd finished, Errol looked down at his own penis and said ruefully, "So this is what all the fuss is about." Earl looked across at the organ in question and reports that it

was a penis of perfectly average dimensions.

There are problems here. Apparently Flynn liked to wander round naked and show himself off to people, both men and women, which surely means that an awful lot of people must have seen his penis. Plus Flynn slept with hundreds of women, and according to some sources just as many men, they too could give detailed information on his endowment. Reputations are always difficult to live up to, but if everyone who sleeps with you believes you have a massive dick, and then discovers you're only average, life must be full of disappointments all round.

Now, Conrad may have been lying, trying to "cut Flynn down to size". But maybe he thought he was doing him a favour. Maybe he wanted Flynn to be remembered as something other than the possessor of an oversized tool.

But what about Clara Bow? According to her biographer, David Stern, the story of Clara and the Thundering Herd was invented by

Kenneth Anger for his book *"Hollywood Babylon"*. Stern says that Clara did indeed throw parties for the football team, but they were innocent, chaste occasions at which the sportsmen, being in serious training, refused even to drink alcohol.

But you might say there's no smoke without fire, and Anger wasn't the only person to write about Clara's mythical sex life. In 1931 a newspaper called *The Coast Reporter* revealed that Clara enjoyed frequent and frantic sex with men, women, dogs, and even (I kid you not) with a pet Koala bear.

This stuff was no more true than the stuff about the Thundering Herd. However, personally I find the idea of orgies with Koala bears a good deal more original and entertaining than the idea of orgies with a football team, but posterity only "remembers" the Thundering Herd story.

The popular memory is selective and fickle. People who've never seen a Fatty Arbuckle film, who know nothing about the cinema or comedy and who care even less, all

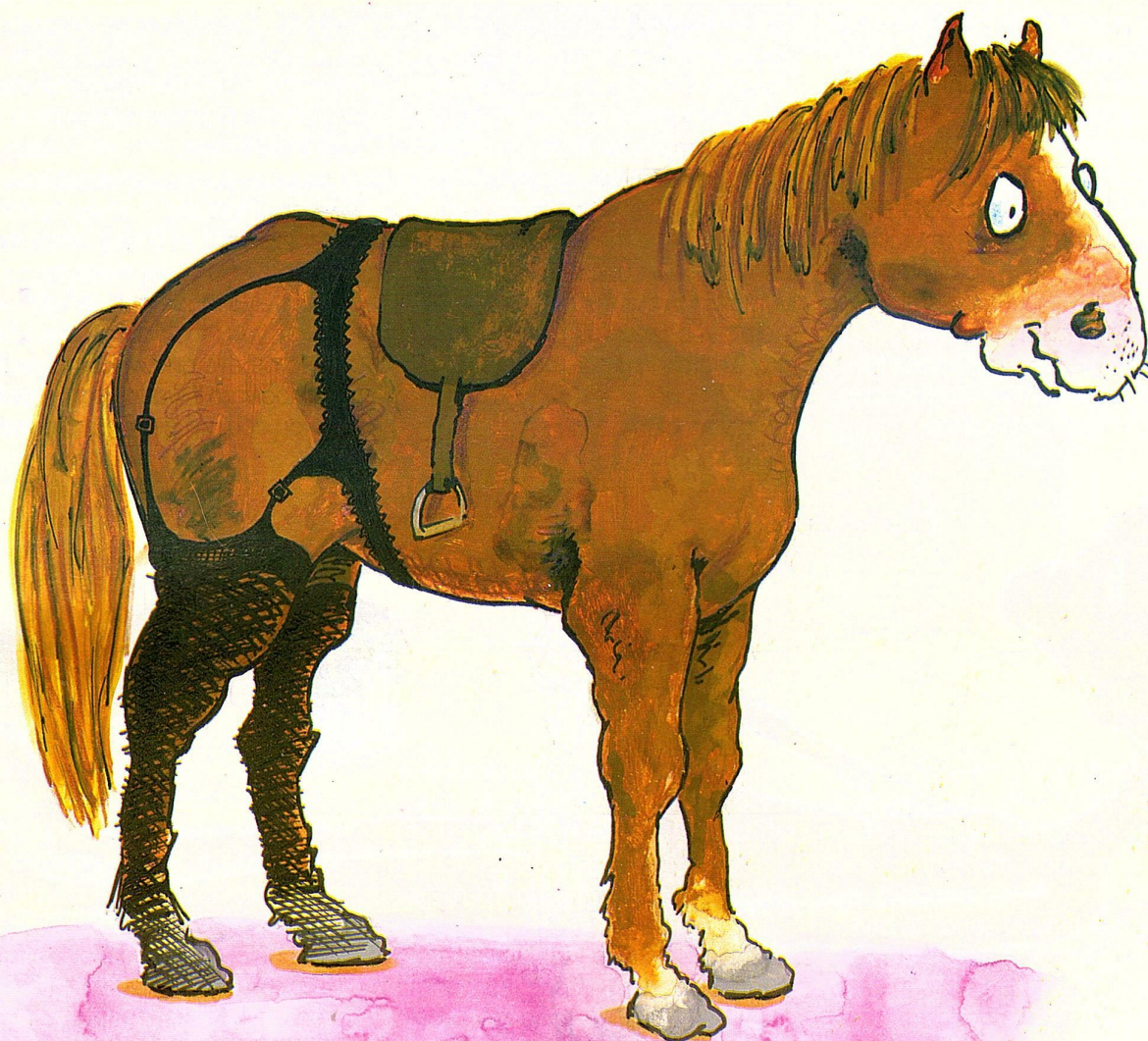
OM

subsequently died from peritonitis.

Now, there's no doubt whatsoever that Virginia Rappe did indeed die of peritonitis after attending a party with Arbuckle, and there is no doubt that he was then charged with her rape and murder. Arbuckle was unquestionably a wild

The jury agreed. In fact three juries agreed. The prosecution kept declaring mistrials in the hope of eventually finding a jury that would convict Arbuckle. They never did find one. The final jury declared Fatty Arbuckle innocent, saying he should be allowed to walk free without a stain on his character. Some hope. It's about seventy years since Arbuckle was declared innocent, yet today he is still known as the man who raped Virginia Rappe with a Coke bottle.

But surely, you'd say, there can't be



"know" that Arbuckle raped a girl called Virginia Rappe, using either a block of ice or a Coke bottle. The more prurient always go for the Coke bottle. The rape was so fierce that the girl's bladder was punctured, and she

boozed and womanised, and he was not the harmless, clean-living character he tended to play on screen. However, the truth is he almost certainly didn't rape Virginia Rappe and cause her death.

much doubt about the Marquis de Sade being a sadist. After all, he gave his name to the activity. Well yes, he did, but he didn't actually invent the idea. There was sadism long before there was de Sade,

though I've no idea what they called it in those days. De Sade's name stuck because he wrote about it at such obsessive length, and de Sade seems to have been a manic writer of sadistic fiction rather than a manic sadist. He appears to have enjoyed giving and taking the occasional whipping, but that would hardly have got him into the history books. It was only in his writings that he became the monster that we know and to a greater or lesser extent love.

After the French Revolution he was appointed as a judge. This gave him endless opportunity to hand out death sentences, participate in torture and indulge in all the other forms of brutality that were being extensively carried out in the name of the Revolution. But he didn't! In fact, de Sade was a rather good judge by modern standards. He was merciful, often on the side of the defendant, completely opposed to capital punishment, and he frequently incurred the wrath of his masters for being far too lenient in his sentencing. In his life he was not at all the

that facilitated the arrangement, but the straps broke and the horse fell on her and killed her.

I have done my research on this one, and have yet to come to any conclusion. Certainly I have read a perfectly reputable source that said she died on the toilet, but maybe the writer was just sparing the blushes of his readers. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* doesn't state how she died but it does say her private life was "not exemplary". Perhaps this is code for all sorts of sexual atrocities, the precise details of which we'll never know. Personally, I always worry about what happened to the horse.

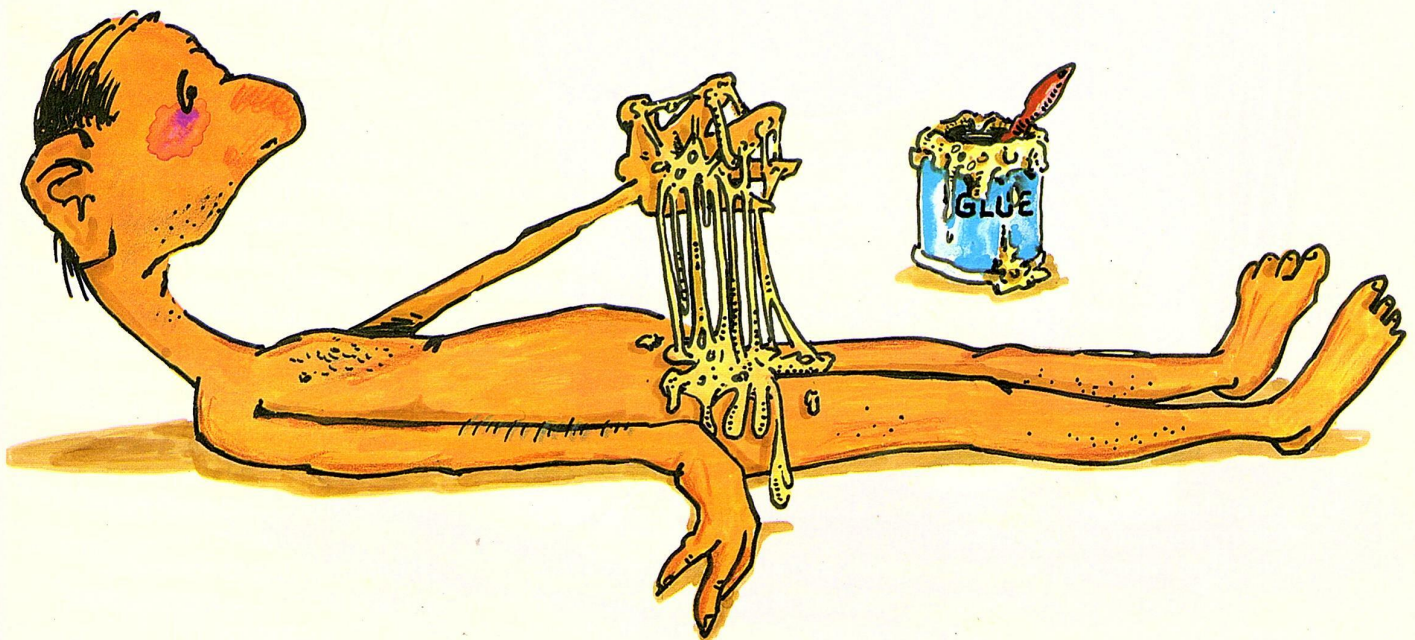
Maybe the story of Catherine and the horse is a very early example of an urban myth. We like the idea that somebody, somewhere was killed while having sex with a horse, and poor Catherine the Great, because she was known as a bit of a goer, gets lumbered as the star of the show. This seems, at best, unfair, given that the lady is hardly in a position to defend herself.

The story of Mick Jagger and

raid the joint is undoubtedly a great sixties myth and you couldn't find two people more suitable to be protagonists than Mick and Marianne. These days I assume Mick wouldn't be seen dead eating anything so cheap as a Mars Bar.

But there are other modern, sexual urban myths that don't need famous protagonists: stories like the woman superglueing her unfaithful husband's hand to his dick while he's asleep; the man whose back locks while he's having it off in his mistress's husband's car and has to be cut out by the fire brigade. It seems perfectly possible to us that these things might have happened to somebody somewhere, and even if they haven't we think they should have.

I suppose adolescence is a time when you hear the most myths and half-truths, and, of course, since the whole business of sex seems so completely strange and unlikely anyway, you tend not to know which ones to believe and which not to. In my schoolyard it was certainly said that you couldn't get a girl pregnant



monstrous sadist of legend. But when did life and legend ever coincide?

Catherine the Great is a real problem. Everybody knows she died during intercourse with a horse. The horse was supposedly dangling from the ceiling in some sort of harness

Marianne Faithfull and the Mars Bar is of similar status. It is a story everybody knows, and yet the story doesn't have a source. Some stories don't exist so we have to invent them. The idea of someone eating a Mars Bar out of someone's fanny just as the police

if you did it standing up, and that she couldn't get pregnant if she didn't enjoy it. I must say I always thought these were just the kind of things that boys said to girls to talk them into having sex, but I'm told these same myths circulated among the girls as

well, and were at least sometimes believed.

The most inventive story I ever heard in this line was that you couldn't get a girl pregnant if you tied your watch round your testicles for a couple of hours before a date. This was pre-digital days, and the theory was that the luminous paint used on the watch face was sufficiently radioactive to strike you infertile for the length of the date. Nobody I knew ever tested this theory very rigorously.

Certainly we knew then that you couldn't get the clap from toilet seats. And this too was wrong apparently. My medical friends tell me that in the tropics, in certain circumstances, in conditions of great heat and humidity, the bacteria that cause gonorrhea find hot, wet toilet seats quite friendly environments in which to wait for unsuspecting victims.

Adolescence is also the time when we first hear those bits of folk wisdom about sex, that everybody repeats parrot fashion, but which even the slightest bit of thought exposes as ludicrous. Sayings like: "It takes one to know one," - oh, no it doesn't; "Don't knock it till you've tried it," - obviously not true in the case of necrophilia. "If they're big, enough they're old enough," - try telling that to the judge.

Humanity doesn't like to be in doubt about things, certainly not about sex. At any given time we like to think we know it all. Thus the Victorians had not the slightest doubt

that masturbation stunted growth, led to physical frailty and even madness. We now regard that as silly nonsense, but it's quite possible that some of the truths we currently hold dear will

how and when they lost their virginity. They lie about how many sexual partners they've had, exaggerating or understating the number depending on the circumstances.



eventually be seen as equally nonsensical. A quick look at the old (though not all that old) edition of *The Joy Of Sex* confirms this. This text, written in more swinging days, assures us that group sex is just fine, promiscuity is a matter of personal preference, and anal sex makes for a pleasant change. Whew!

But if you seriously think that people are more sussed-out about sex these days, it's worth noting that in a recent survey 50% of American teenagers believed you could catch AIDS from anal intercourse, even if neither of the partners was infected.

Ignorance about sex is unlikely to be bliss. But not all sexual untruths are based on ignorance. Sometimes we tell downright lies. People lie about

They may be lying when they say they love each other, when they say they'll stay together forever, when they say they're not having an affair with someone else.

And of course people lie about their vital statistics. Women tell fibs about the size of their waists and the size of their boobs. Men like to make out they're big in every department; height, chest, and of course penis. I guess this is mostly quite harmless. We may know that size doesn't matter (although that could just be a myth circulated by the undersized) but that doesn't stop us dreaming. Well, dream on fellahs. The fact is we can't all be mythical sexual heroes. We can't all be like Errol Flynn. Not even Errol Flynn quite managed that.

ME

it happened to

Supercock

This is where you get to tell us exactly what, or who you've been up to, and how many times.

This section is especially for those adventures which just won't fit in Penpower Plus, and absolutely all the letters you read here are real - the only things we change are the names and places to protect the innocent. For every sexplot printed, we'll pay a gigantic £50! So send your confessions to: I.H.T.M., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

I first met Dave when I was working in a pub in a small Scottish town and whenever I saw him, I started to get a familiar warm feeling between my thighs. Over a few weeks, he became a regular at the pub. He was always very friendly and chatty, but never asked me

out and I began to wonder why until one of the other barmaids told me that he had confided in her that he really fancied me but thought that I wasn't

"I stood before him as he sucked my breasts."

interest in him. I told her to gently let him know that I intended to fuck his balls dry the first chance that I got.

I don't know what she said to him, but

I agreed right away.

The next day slid by very slowly but at 8pm, I was in the pub that we had agreed to meet in, dressed in my best and shortest outfit, raring to go. When Dave arrived, he took one look at the length of leg that I was showing and asked if I intended giving half the men there a heart attack. He then suggested that we head over to Edinburgh for the evening, after I had had a couple of drinks.

On the drive over, in his car, I could see that he was continually looking at my legs, so I allowed my dress to ride up my thighs as far as possible. As he helped me out of the car in Edinburgh, I could see his very obvious erection bulging his trousers and then he kissed me for the first time, very gently, leaving me longing for more.

We had a terrific meal and were very cosy and comfortable together. Several times, Dave's hand 'accidentally' brushed along my thigh during our meal and once I allowed my hand to wander up his leg and over his erection which started to stiffen under my hand.

At the end of our meal, we walked

out of the restaurant hand in hand and then went to a few pubs where I had another few drinks. Dave was still sober as he was driving but I became more



the very next night, he came into the pub and came straight over to me and asked if I would meet him the following night, for a drink and a meal. Of course

and more relaxed as the night went on. Eventually, at about three in the morning we headed back for the sticks. Dave kept telling me that I had been

fantastic company and than asked where I wanted to be taken to. He was quite surprised when I answered that the night wasn't over and could I have a bed

His arms went round me and I clung to him as he bent forward and kissed me again, but this time I opened my mouth and our tongues met, thrusting and



at his place as I was staying with friends and didn't want to disturb them. I knew that Dave lived alone in a new house. He gave me a long look and said that that was no problem. However he

pushing at each other. Then I felt his hands move from my waist, one to my breasts and the other down onto my bum, pulling me closer. I also felt his tool stiffen against me and reached

"He penetrated me until I felt his balls on my bum."

seemed to speed up on the rest of the journey to his home.

When we got to the house, he opened the door for me, but as I went into the hallway, I realized that I had left my handbag in the car. I turned round to tell him but as I did so, I collided with him.

down and grasped it through his trousers. It felt like an iron rod. Dave gasped and then kicked shut the house door.

Without a word, he led me up to the bedroom. He didn't put any lights on but the curtains were open and there were

DIFFERENT *Strokes*

We're all kinky up to a certain point.

But that point decides whether a letter goes into our Penpower Plus pages, or whether it comes here, to Different Strokes, the section that deals with the kinkier side of sex.

This is where you air your views and relate sexual experiences which are beyond the normal realm of

Penpower Plus. Whether you were encased in rubber, or licked treacle from your partners feet, this section is for you. Different Strokes wants to

hear from you, but we do have some ground rules, certain subjects that are, sadly, taboo. For instance, we cannot mention anal sex, sado-masochism or bondage to any

great extent, I'm afraid, but anything else is fair game. Let us know what you get up to. Write to: Different

Strokes, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex, CM8 3SZ.

Lesbians Swallowed My Sperm

I wanna tell you all about the unimaginable joy of being part of a threesome, especially when you're the lucky bloke who is being shared by two girls who are reknown lesbians. It was my first sexual experience at the age of 18.

I never really had the chance to get to know Catherine and Sarah, despite the fact that I was at college with them. So when Sarah's older brother Stuart announced that he was going to have a get together, I knew I had to get in on the act.

When I got there, I really fancied my chances. The other lads weren't interested in the girls because of their

ME

it happened to

Supercock

enough street lights to let me see quite clearly. Dave stood before me and slowly stripped to his briefs which were barely containing his erection. His body was lean and hard and his chest covered

my knees and pulled off his underwear revealing a long, thick, throbbing tool. I engulfed it with my mouth and sucked on it for a little while. Then Dave pulled me to my feet and pushed me towards the bed.

I fell back on the bed, pulled off my briefs, spread my thighs and lifted my knees. I needed to feel that cock in my pussy and told him so. He smiled down at me and then oh so slowly penetrated me until I felt his balls on my bum. He then slowly drew out until only the very tip of his prick was still in me. I clutched at his tight buttocks and pulled him back into me. This time he went in hard, pulled back quickly and then really slammed into me. I jerked from

"I nuzzled my face into his body hair."

in hair, just the way I like it. I felt my panties getting damp and started to unbutton my dress but Dave stopped me and slowly and lazily stripped me down to my briefs, covering me with kisses and little nips with his teeth. I felt as though I was on fire. I stood before him as he sucked my breasts and then he slowly slid a finger into my briefs and then into my pussy. His thumb came to rest on my clit and I was halfway to heaven. Dave then pushed down my briefs and bent down to slide his tongue

head to toe and another orgasm hit me from nowhere.

"Fuck me," I hissed at him, "fuck me hard." But Dave smiled at me again, pulled out of my pussy and turned me over. I was lying on my stomach and guessed what he wanted. I got right up on my hands and knees and pushed my bum back towards him. Sure enough, I felt his slippery cock nudging apart my cheeks. I spread my thighs wide to receive it and felt my ripe breasts grazing the bedcover. My nipples went



into my love box and then flicked it repeatedly over my clit. I arched my back and screamed out loud as my first orgasm washed over me.

Dave stood up and I went down on

all four like sticks. I felt Dave's cock push apart my lips and slide to the depths of my cunt, filling me completely. He then started slowly screwing me and reached forward to play with my tits. He had me

sexual behaviour and the girls despised the lads because of their hooligan-like antics.

I finally got my chance when the lads went off for a while. I asked Catherine where the toilet was and she replied that they would show me. Catherine and Sarah had changed their clothes and both were wearing silk dressing gowns. They took me to the bathroom and that's when the fun started.

"He does look dirty, doesn't he?" said Catherine. "Nothing that a bit of hard rubbing won't remove," replied Sarah. Next thing, they both removed my trousers and shirt. My cock was dying to be freed from its pouch. But the girls were intent on teasing me and my underpants were left til last.

"Where's the flannel?" I asked, innocently. They laughed and said that there would be no need for flannels as they'd be using their tongues! With that Sarah ran her extended tongue up the inside of my leg while at the same time gradually easing my pants down. My cock sprang out, nearly poking her in the eye.

Sarah began sucking on my tool, easing her way up and down it. Her eyes were shut tight as she sucked me. Her hand was affectionately holding my balls. I almost exploded but held back as I had the feeling my come would be needed later on.

By now both Sarah and Catherine had removed their gowns to reveal pale and beautiful bodies. They had red nipples that stood to attention.

Catherine took my hand and placed it between her legs. I eased three whole fingers into her juicy love hole (which smelt as sweet as a rose). Every so often Catherine would remove my fingers and lick them clean for me. The sight of her feeding on her own juice made me explode. I came inside Sarah's mouth and she obliged by swallowing the lot.

After this, Catherine took my knob from Sarah's mouth and eased herself onto it. Once it was right up inside her she began to urge me on. My todger didn't let me down and within a few minutes I came inside her.

Next, it was seconds out, round three as the girls swapped places. By the time we had finished I felt like a champion as both the girls were floored! - M., Essex.

ME

it happened to

Supercock

coming again in no time and I lost count of the orgasms I had before I felt Dave's pace quicken. He was really pounding into me and gasping for breath and then I felt his cock explode in me. It seemed to jerk for minutes before Dave collapsed onto my back and then rolled off me. I fell onto my stomach and then crawled onto his chest and nuzzled my face into his body hair.

I thought that we would just go to sleep, but Dave, after a few minutes, led me through to the bathroom, turned on the shower and I stepped in. Only when Dave came in at my back did I realize that he hadn't lost his erection. We soaped each other all over, all the time kissing and licking each other. Dave fondled and sucked my breasts until I thought that I would come off from that alone but he then lifted me up and pushed me against one of the walls. I felt his prick nudging at the entrance to my pussy and guided him in. He was supporting me by my bum so I spread my thighs round him and let him get on with it. "Go big boy," I whispered in his ear and hung onto his neck when his cock started to piston in and up my cunt.

The water streamed over us and I came again as he filled me with his come. This time his erection subsided and we dried ourselves and then went to bed.

After a few minutes lying there, I felt Dave's hand on my pussy gently curling my hairs. I thought that he was just teasing, but when I slid my hand over his prick, it stiffened again as I gently

charge and I pushed him onto his back and then slid my pussy down onto his prick. I was going to ride him slowly and have him explode in me. It didn't work out like that though.

I was grinding away slowly on top of

spread my thighs ready to receive his cock again. Dave, though, reared over me and slipped his prick between my breasts and began sliding backwards and forwards. He smiled down at me and said, "I thought that you were going



"His cock let fly a torrent of spunk all over my tits."

wanked him. I couldn't believe my luck, this guy had the stamina of Superman. This time though, I was going to be in

him, my face in his neck, with my sweat beginning to run off me when he took hold of my arms and lifted me up so that I was sitting on him. He then played with my tits and bent upwards to

suck my nipples until I came again, long and hard. I was totally knackered so I rolled over onto my back and

to fuck my balls dry?" Before I could say anything at all, he jerked backwards and his cock let fly a torrent of spunk all over my tits and shoulders. I had never had a guy fire off so much love juice.

This time we both went to sleep but I was wakened in the morning by Dave lifting me through into a hot bath before being soundly fucked again.

That was years ago, but we still are together and screwing just as much – T., Scotland.